CDC

NATIONAL REVIEW

35 Cents
August 14, 1962

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Trade or Suffocate

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Articles and Reviews by · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
JAMES BURNHAM · RUSSELL KIRK · MURRAY KEMPTON
STEFAN T. POSSONY · CATO · W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEXTILE RESEARCH PLAYS VITAL ROLE IN OUR FUTURE ECONOMY

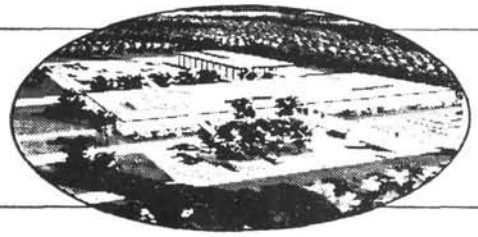
fashion efficiency:

LADY ARROW — smooth styling, proportioned sleeve length.

BELFAST® SELF-IRONING COTTON — spin, tumble or hang dry, no-ironing **ever.**

BELFAST SELF-IRONING FABRICS DIVISION • Deering Milliken, Inc., 1045 Sixth Avenue • New York 18, N.Y.

®Belfast is the registered trademark of the Deering Milliken Research Corporation for its self-ironing fabrics.



Deering Milliken Research Corp., Spartanburg, S. C.

America's largest, most modern research facilities devoted exclusively to textile research.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, A. Derso, Joan Didion, M. Stanton Evans, David Franke, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Kenneth Shorey, Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

CONTENTS AUGUST 14, 1962 VOL. XIII, NO. 6

THE WEEK 87

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 94
Conservatives Don't Have the Bodies
Aaron H. Brown 95
Danger! Ideologues at Large! ....*James Burnham* 97
Spanish Growing Pains ....*E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn* 98
Trade or Suffocate .....*Charles Morrow Wilson* 99
Dreamthorp and Linlithgow .....*Russell Kirk* 102
To the Editor 111

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

A Man of Character .....*James Burnham* 103
The Coagulation of Herman Wouk
Murray Kempton 105
Is Marxism Irrelevant? .....*Stefan T. Possony* 106
Congratulations, Françoise .....*W. H. von Dreele* 108
Books in Brief 110

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). Copyright 1962 in the U.S.A., by National Review, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undelivered copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone OREgon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ *NR* baffles a whole generation of critics by accentuating, on page after page, the positive. To begin with, **Aaron H. Brown,** a spirited Young American for Freedom for all his 35 years, reviews his last year's experience in the primary campaign that came so close to substituting a conservative amateur, Ed Nash, for the perennial, leftward-pointing Stanley Isaacs as the Republican Party's only representative on New York's City Council. Mr. Brown does not stop after explaining why Ed Nash lost, but proceeds, in the most practical terms, to show both *that* he should and *how* he could have won; and how conservative candidates can go about winning in the future. Mr. Isaacs' death a few weeks ago, with a consequent vote coming up this autumn to fill his unexpired term, gives New York conservatives an immediate chance to try out Mr. Brown's prescription. . . . On a more continental scale, **Charles Morrow Wilson,** by citing the little-known stories of diesels for Chile, work gloves for Peru and barbed wire for Brazil, similarly shows both *why* American firms have been unnecessarily losing Latin American business to Soviet and European competition and *how* they can stop losing. "There are plenty of Latin Americans," you will be glad to learn, "who believe in free enterprise" and "are eager to work shoulder-to-shoulder with the U.S."

➔ **Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** makes encouraging sense of the workers' strikes, student riots, political shifts and the rest of the complex of incidents that have recently brought Spain so prominently into the news. . . . **Russell Kirk,** via meditations on Alexander Smith's century-old book, *Dreamthorp,* returns to his beloved Scotland. . . . An author new to *NR,* **Christopher Hyde** by name, tells in verse a tall folk tale of goings-on in our next-to-largest state. Mr. Hyde, a science writer by trade and a fiction writer by aspiration, possesses an unusual, though appropriate, combination of college degrees: one in physics, the other in English literature.

➔ The book section begins with **James Burnham's** review of one of the year's major publications: *Men and Decisions,* the "straightforward, readable and manly book" in which Admiral Lewis L. Strauss presents the record of his momentous public life. . . . **Murray Kempton,** whose daily column is the mellifluous despair of all ideologues, lavishly showers his choicest adjectives and similes over Herman Wouk's new burnt offering to the best-seller list, *Youngblood Hawke.* . . . **Stefan T. Possony,** a director of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford University, analyzes two new books on Communism having the rare distinction of something new to say: Robert Vincent Daniels' history of the opposition movements within Soviet Russia, and Adam B. Ulam's study of Marxism's attractive power. . . . **W. H. von Dreele** shifts from his usual verse to a prose that *might* be Françoise Sagan's. ➔

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(For Those Who Missed Us The First Round)

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR PRECINCT TO OWN A BARRY GOLDWATER SWEATSHIRT

★ ★ ★

You'll delight in watching Liberals recoil in terror when they see you in your Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt. You'll find your B.G.S.S. imbues you with renewed courage to suffer the slings and arrows of the extremist lunatic fringe of the ultra-left.

The Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt — made in genuine sweat shops—displays a nearly life-sized head of Barry Goldwater, with his name below to identify him to uninitiated Liberals.

The B.G.S.S. is suitable for all occasions—picnics, athletic events, political rallies, formal wear, classes (including the bourgeoisie and proletariat), indignation rallies, stockholders meetings, sleeping, etc.

In blue and white, two large sizes only: Men and Women. (A perfect fit for any conservative; sleeves are adjustable.) Price $3.95. Available only from The Conservative Bookstore, 228 Massachusetts Avenue, Indianapolis 5, Indiana.

FOLLOWING ARE SPECIALLY SOLICITED TESTIMONIALS FOR THE B. G. S. S.

"I consider wearing a Goldwater Sweatshirt one of the enduring norms of the Western tradition."
— Author, Mecosta, Michigan

"I dreamt I smashed the Comsymps in my Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt!"—Antioch College Student.

"A thinking man's sweatshirt."
—Madison Avenue Advertising Executive.

"I dreamt I was allowed to make a profit in my Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt."—Steel Executive, Pitts.

"Nyet!"—N. Khrushchev.

"I dreamt I helped elect Barry Goldwater President in 1964."—Citizen, U.S.A.

"I dreamt I fertilized the New Frontier in my Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt."—B. S. Estes, Pecos, Texas.

"I dreamt I was sent to Washington in my Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt."—Harvard Professor.

"I'm sweating more now but enjoying it less."—J.F.K.

"I dreamt I'm going to get paid for this ad in my Barry Goldwater Sweatshirt."
—National Review *Advertising Director*

From the way things look in New Frontier-land and around the world, we'll be sweating a great deal until 1964. Why not make the best of things, enjoy it while you still can in the original, the genuine, the can't-be-duplicated B.G.S.S. Order yours today, before the administration makes us lower our profitable prices!

SWEATSHIRTS
THE CONSERVATIVE BOOKSTORE
228 Massachusetts Avenue
Indianapolis 4, Indiana

Dear Sweatshirt:

Enclosed is my check or money order to cover the following Barry Goldwater Sweatshirts at $3.95 each, plus 50¢ each to cover the cost of postage and handling. (Please, none of that sneaky C.O.D. stuff.)

☐ Blue ☐ No. Desired ☐ Sex.....please mark M or F, not yes
☐ White ☐ No. Desired ☐ Sex.....please mark M or F, not yes

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SHORT TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WILL DEMONSTRATE HOW RELIABLY MEMBERSHIP KEEPS YOU FROM MISSING THE BOOKS YOU INTEND TO READ

Any Three of these books for $1 each

THE TRIAL: SIMPLY BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS WITHIN A YEAR AT MEMBERS' PRICES, WHICH AVERAGE 20% BELOW THE PUBLISHERS' RETAIL PRICES

540. THE ROTHSCHILDS *by* FREDERIC MORTON. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

520. THE BULL FROM THE SEA *by* MARY RENAULT. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

523. THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $6.95)

467. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT—1960 *by* THEODORE H. WHITE. (Publisher's retail price $6.95)

543. SCOTT FITZGERALD *by* ANDREW TURNBULL. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

545. A BRIDGE FOR PASSING *by* PEARL S. BUCK. (Publisher's retail price $4.50)

435. TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD *by* HARPER LEE. (Publisher's retail price $3.95)

537. THE LAST PLANTAGENETS *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN. Maps. (Publisher's retail price $5.75)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Publisher's retail price $10)

500. THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $10)

463. THE EDGE OF SADNESS *by* EDWIN O'CONNOR. (Publisher's retail price $5)

498. LIVING FREE *by* JOY ADAMSON. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

457. RING OF BRIGHT WATER *by* GAVIN MAXWELL. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5)

522. CITIZEN HEARST *by* W. A. SWANBERG Illus. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)

503. MILA 18 *by* LEON URIS. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

536. TWILIGHT OF HONOR *by* AL DEWLEN (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

502. THE COMING FURY *by* BRUCE CATTON. Maps. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)

486. THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT *by* JOHN STEINBECK. (Publisher's retail price $4.50)

485. INSIDE EUROPE TODAY *by* JOHN GUNTHER. 1962 revised edition (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. (Publ. retail price $6)

448. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND **The War Years** *by* CARL SANDBURG. 1-vol. edition. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $7.50)

447. VANITY FAIR: A Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $10)

446. THE FASCINATING WORLD OF ASTRONOMY *by* ROBERT S. RICHARDSON. Illus. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

104. ADVISE AND CONSENT *by* ALLEN DRURY. (Publisher's retail price $5.75)

186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER (Publisher's retail price $6.95)

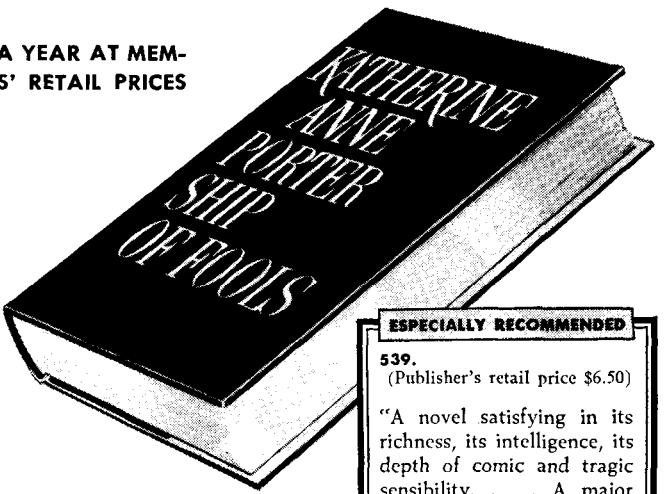
493. SINCLAIR LEWIS *by* MARK SCHORER Illus. (Publisher's retail price $10)

449. WHO KILLED SOCIETY? *by* CLEVELAND AMORY. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

443. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE *by* EDWARD GIBBON 1-vol. abridgment by D. M. LOW (Publisher's retail price $8)

149. THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY *by* WILL DURANT. (Publisher's retail price $5)

126. THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY *by* JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. (Publisher's retail price $5)



ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

539. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

"A novel satisfying in its richness, its intelligence, its depth of comic and tragic sensibility. . . . A major achievement by an American writer in whom we may all take pride."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)

190. THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. (Publisher's retail price $7)

154. AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY. Edited by WILLIAM L. LANGER. (Publ. retail price $8.75)

132. A STUDY OF HISTORY *by* ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. 2-vol. abridgment. (Publisher's retail price $11) **Each vol. $1**

134. THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF MAUGHAM. 2 vols. (Publisher's retail price $12.50) **Each vol. $1**

135. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY. 2 vols. (Publisher's retail price $10) **Each vol. $1**

152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. 13th ed. (Publ. retail price $10)

159. VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE *by* MILLICENT FENWICK. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)

157. THE POPULAR MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA *by* MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D. Illus. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

161. THE JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER Illus. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

136. THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES *by* CONAN DOYLE. 2 vols. (Publisher's retail price $7.50) **Each vol. $1**

150. STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX *by* HAVELOCK ELLIS. 2 vols. (Publ. retail price $15) **Each vol. $1**

169. THE COMPLETE BOOK OF FURNITURE REPAIR AND REFINISHING *by* RALPH PARSONS KINNEY. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $3.95)

158. GOREN'S NEW CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE *by* CHARLES H. GOREN (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

534. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK *by* AARON SUSSMAN 1962 edition. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

504. DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS *by* BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D. (Publisher's retail price $5)

151. IDEAL MARRIAGE: Its Physiology and Technique *by* TH. H. VAN DE VELDE, M.D. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate two things *by your own experience*: first, that you can really keep yourself from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; second, the advantages of the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The offer described here really represents "advance" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the three books you engage to buy later.

✶ The three books you choose from those offered on this page will be sent to you immediately and you will be billed $1.00 for each volume you select (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

✶ If you continue after this trial you will receive, *with every Club choice you buy*, a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum — usually $1.00 — can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from a catalog of more than a hundred fine library volumes whose publishers' retail prices now average $7.00. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, $270,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique profit-sharing plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A29-9**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send me the three books whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $3.00.† I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. The price† will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying *three Club choices (in addition to those included in this introductory offer)*. After my third purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend* which I may choose from a wide variety always available. **PLEASE NOTE:** Whenever two or more books are offered together at a special combined price, such a purchase is counted as a *single book* in earning Book-Dividend Certificates and in fulfilling the membership obligation to buy three Club choices.

†A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

☐ ☐ ☐

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS }
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....

Selections and alternates for Canadian members are usually priced† slightly higher and are shipped from Toronto *duty free*.

**Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"National Turkey Growers Association Rejects Federal Production Controls"

(Newspaper story)

The Pilgrims would be proud
of their favorite bird...
he's still fighting for freedom.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Established 1873 • Kohler, Wis.

ENAMELED IRON AND VITREOUS CHINA PLUMBING FIXTURES • ALL-BRASS FITTINGS • ELECTRIC PLANTS • AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● *Oh Frabjous Day! Callooh! Callay! Dept.* Washington, July 23: President Kennedy says the American people will have an opportunity "to anchor down or sail" in the November elections. Hyannisport, July 28: President Kennedy, at the tiller of the sloop Victura, misses his mooring and runs her into the mud.

● The United States has twenty surplus minesweepers in its mothball fleet. Mexico would like twenty surplus minesweepers. Should the United States give her minesweepers to Mexico? No, the United States should not give her minesweepers to Mexico because that would be interfering with Mexico's armed forces, and Mexico is a proud nation that has rejected all foreign gifts. Should Mexico *buy* the minesweepers from the United States? Why not? There is nothing improper in a commercial transaction. Would $16,000 each be a reasonable price? Yes, $16,000 each would be more than reasonable. Why does the United States quote such a bargain price? Because the United States wants to cement its friendship with Mexico. Why does Mexico want the minesweepers? Because Mexico needs patrol boats to chase United States shrimp boats which fish over the continental shelf in what Mexico claims are her territorial waters. Does the United States agree that these are Mexican territorial waters? No, the United States does not agree that these are Mexican territorial waters; the United States says they are international waters. Will the United States sell its minesweepers to Mexico? Yes, the United States will sell its minesweepers to Mexico. Where did the United States learn this kind of diplomacy? The United States learned it at Harvard. It is called enlightened diplomacy.

● The Senate Agriculture Committee has done it again. Last May it rejected the Administration's authoritarian farm program and wrote one of its own. The Senate in turn rejected that bill, adopted the Kennedy program, and sent it to the House—where it was slapped down handsomely. So: back to the drawing board in the Senate Agriculture Committee, where, on July 25, the Administration farm bill was once more defeated. This time the Administration may have to admit defeat on the floor of the Senate, because, according to one observer, the Senate is "tired" of farm bills. So are the farmers. So are the consumers. So are the creditors of Billie Sol Estes.

● And, down the corridor, another Senate committee is beating the fluff out of another Administration bill: Senator Byrd's Finance Committee seems ready to vote, 10 to 7, against the Kennedy program of direct federal payments, loans, and "technical assistance" to companies and individual workers affected by tariff cuts. The main arguments against such a provision are three: 1) if the control of these subsidies is placed exclusively in the Executive, it may be—nay, it *will* be—abused; 2) the Kennedy proposal is discriminatory, in that it would pay higher "benefits" to one class of unemployed than to another; 3) and the analytic problem of identifying the worker who has lost his job solely because of tariff changes is insoluble. And there is the interesting argument from the obverse: if wages and profits alleged to be lost as a result of lower tariffs must be offset by government subsidies, why not make workers and employers pay to the government the wages and profits alleged to arise from increased tariffs? These things should be considered, if Congress wants to maintain its scintillating record of 1962, in which it has successfully resisted, to date, exactly 93 per cent of the Administration's legislative proposals.

● Watch for a quiet announcement in the next few months that the Hungarian question is being dropped from the UN agenda. That is the price the Soviet Union is asking in return for supporting U Thant's election to a regular term as UN Secretary General. According to British sources, secret negotiations in Hungary between the U.S. and the USSR are believed to be near agreement on the deal. U Thant is scheduled to visit Hungary later this summer, and might conceivably discover that conditions there are excellent and that the people bear no grudges against the Soviets for their barbarism in 1956.

● George Romney will repudiate the John Birch Society if it supports his campaign for the governorship of Michigan. So will a lot of other people.

● New York's Conservative Party has announced its nomination of Mr. Frederick S. Dennin, 39, an attorney from Lake Placid, and a "lifelong Democrat in the Al Smith tradition," as candidate for Attorney General. The July 26 rally in Garden City produced an enthusiastic overflow audience and, at $2 a head, some welcome funds. The Conservative Party's letter to the Governor, the two Senators, and the chairmen of the other three political parties, urging united action to counter the Supreme Court prayer decision, and signed by gubernatorial candidate David Jaquith and senatorial candidate Kieran O'Doherty, has elicited a generally sympathetic response from Senator Keating and, so far, silence from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Governor Rockefeller, Senator Javits, and the chairmen of the Democratic, Republican, and Liberal Parties. With 110 Conservative Clubs now, and a virtually complete slate, the Conservative Party enters its major fund-raising campaign, which may actually be stimulated by the opposition's fatigued and plaintive depiction of the horrors that might befall the country if the Conservative Party had any support from the John Birch Society. And so the campaign opens, against an opposition fast growing frantic. For the pros know what is at stake.

● This fall Arizona's rapidly growing Republican Party will be out to upset incumbent Senator Carl Hayden with one of the two conservatives now in the primary race: state senator and automobile dealer Evan Mecham, and Stephen Shadegg, a writer, businessman and former campaign manager for Barry Goldwater. The GOP has an excellent chance to win. However, running against the 84-year-old Hayden is no picnic. He has been in the Senate for six consecutive terms, and has represented Arizona in Congress ever since it became the 48th state half a century ago. There is a two-to-one Democratic majority in the state's registration. Arizona's strong conservatism and Hayden's age will be working for the GOP choice. The result may depend on the degree of Senator Goldwater's participation. (He has been a non-combatant in the primary.) In the early book, we pick Shadegg to win, but we're asking close odds.

● In 1817 Thomas Jefferson and John Adams had yet six years to live; Frederic Chopin, eight years old, was astounding Warsaw; Abraham Lincoln was beginning to read books; and the publishing firm of Harper & Bros. was founded. Until this spring the firm and its name had survived and prospered with the fortunes of the country—until a textbook publisher from Evanston, Illinois merged with the eminent and ancient firm and forthwith thumbed its nose at 145 years of history. The name is now Harper & Row—if anyone cares to call it that. Those who care for other things should ask, Can't even a name survive? When Progress snaps its fingers, must everything go? And is it progress, or is it dilapidation, when landmarks and signposts that have served us well are suddenly abolished?

● Congressman John Rooney of New York, who watches overseas expenditures the way Harry Byrd watches the domestic budget, was undone the other day when he discovered one item in the USIA's account: 44 subscriptions to *Yachting* magazine. "I trust," he said, fixing USIA Information Center Service Director Gordon A. Ewing (also spelled s-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-i-a-l l-a-m-b) with a baleful eye, "that *Yachting* hasn't been sent to Ouagadougou, the landlocked capital of Africa's Republic of Upper Volta?" But there was no one to throw Mr. Ewing a lifeline: he couldn't even assure Mr. Rooney that it *hadn't*.

● Last year the young and politically unknown Ed Nash announced his candidacy, as a "Goldwater conservative," for the Council seat in the 20th Senatorial District of New York so long occupied by the blatantly Liberal Republican Stanley Isaacs. Operating on shoestring and shoeleather (see Aaron Brown's piece, this issue), Nash piled up a remarkable 42 per cent of the vote. Now, with the recent death of Mr. Isaacs, the District's City Councilman seat is again in contention. Isaacs' legislative assistant, Theodore Kupferman (a very Liberal Republican), is being challenged by Mr. Joseph Dudley Devine, responsibly conservative, and twice president of the New York Young Republican Club. With an attractive campaign platform, substantial support within Republican circles, and further help from the residual organization and experience of the young people who staffed the Nash campaign, Devine has a good chance of bringing the first real conservative force into Manhattan politics since — since Peter Stuyvesant.

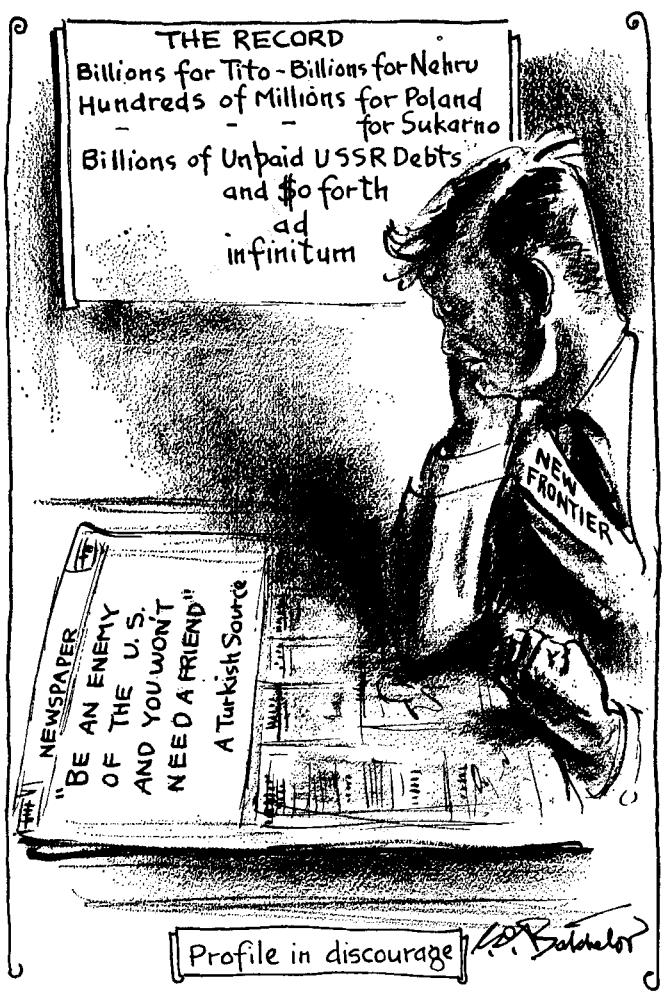
● Has *any*body seen Bowles?

How to Cure the Congo

It is surprising to find Marguerite Higgins, who writes candid good sense about as often as any of our columnists, allowing herself to be used as a megaphone for the appeasement wing of the State Department. Her July 30 *Herald Tribune* column—consisting of dark hints and rumors about Michel Struelens' "slick public relations job done on Katanga's behalf," and Moise Tshombe's "dirty linen" that the President or somebody was soon going to wash in public—read remarkably like a handout prepared in the office of Assistant Secretary Harlan Cleveland or Carl Rowan.

Still, nearly everything about the Congo in the last two and a half years has been surprising and puzzling. Why is it that practically the entire world, except for Tshombe and most of the people of Katanga, are so dead set against letting Katanga decide what kind of regime and government it wants? Except for Katanga, anybody, just anybody, can be a nation today. When the little trust territory of Ruanda-Urundi wanted to split, everyone agreed, and the world accepted the two new nations of Rwanda and Burundi. The United Arab Republic was recognized as one nation when Syria and Egypt wanted to be one, and as two nations when Syria changed her mind. No one objected when Mali and Guinea

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



hitched up, or later when they filed for divorce. Our own (and Castro's) Caribbean is about to spout with a whole spray of new nations. Jamaica will be first; and Jamaica voted without interference to leave the West Indian Federation. And nobody argues much over what kind of internal regime develops. Ghana and Guinea have their centralized governments; Nigeria, like the about-to-be-born greater Malaysia, is a federation. The people of Katanga—along with the peoples behind the Iron Curtain—seem to be the only ones forbidden to have any say about how they want to be governed.

For more than two years the United Nations, backed by 17,000 mercenaries, has been trying to compel Katanga to submit to a centralized government based in Léopoldville, presently headed by the man reputed to be the State Department's nominee, Cyrille Adoula. Last month both U Thant and President Kennedy started to breathe a new round of fire and brimstone. The Secretary General was once more ready for direct military action unless Tshombe buckled down; the President suggested a full range of economic sanctions. To turn the Congo once more into a battlefield and to wreck its economy seems a curious way to bring reconciliation, peace and stability to that troubled land.

Then suddenly Adoula announced that he was ready to accept a federal instead of a centralized constitution; and Tshombe, who has always stated his wish that Katanga should continue joined with the rest of the Congo in a federal relationship, at once welcomed the unexpected initiative.

We believe that the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters, in an advertisement printed last week in the *Washington Post,* has correctly stated the present situation and what it calls for:

"The continued presence of the United Nations Army will prevent an equitable solution in the Congo. This international military force represents an arbitrary outside influence that blocks the normal development of internal forces, groups and personalities. There is every indication that, without the presence of the UN Army, the Congolese leaders would have worked out a settlement some time ago. . . . Those who continue to advocate UN interference in the affairs of the Congo are blocking the road to a genuine settlement. . . . Left to negotiate freely, in their own way and on their own feet, there is every reason to believe that the Congolese leaders would come to an agreement; an agreement, moreover, that would have a real chance to work because it would be freely adopted instead of imposed on them by an outside power. . . ."

The Committee urges support of the following four demands, which *NR* urgently endorses:

1. Withdraw all UN troops immediately from the Congo.
2. No sanctions—military, economic or political—against Katanga or any other part of the Congo.
3. Let the Congolese themselves decide in their own way on their own form of government.
4. Suspend congressional action on the UN bond issue, and on any special loans or grants to the United Nations, until all UN troops are out of the Congo.

Newburgh Nationalized?

On July 26 President Kennedy signed into law a bill whose intent and effect will be, so says the press, to "reform" the administration of welfare programs at the federal level. Of course the federals claim they got there first: that the national uproar and general approval arising from Joseph Mitchell's proposed reforms in Newburgh, New York had no causal relation to the new federal law. But the published goals sound familiar, very familiar, to anyone who studied the Newburgh case. The new federal law is said to aim primarily at getting people *off* relief. It allows states to use able-bodied relief recipients for work on public projects. It allows old people on relief to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

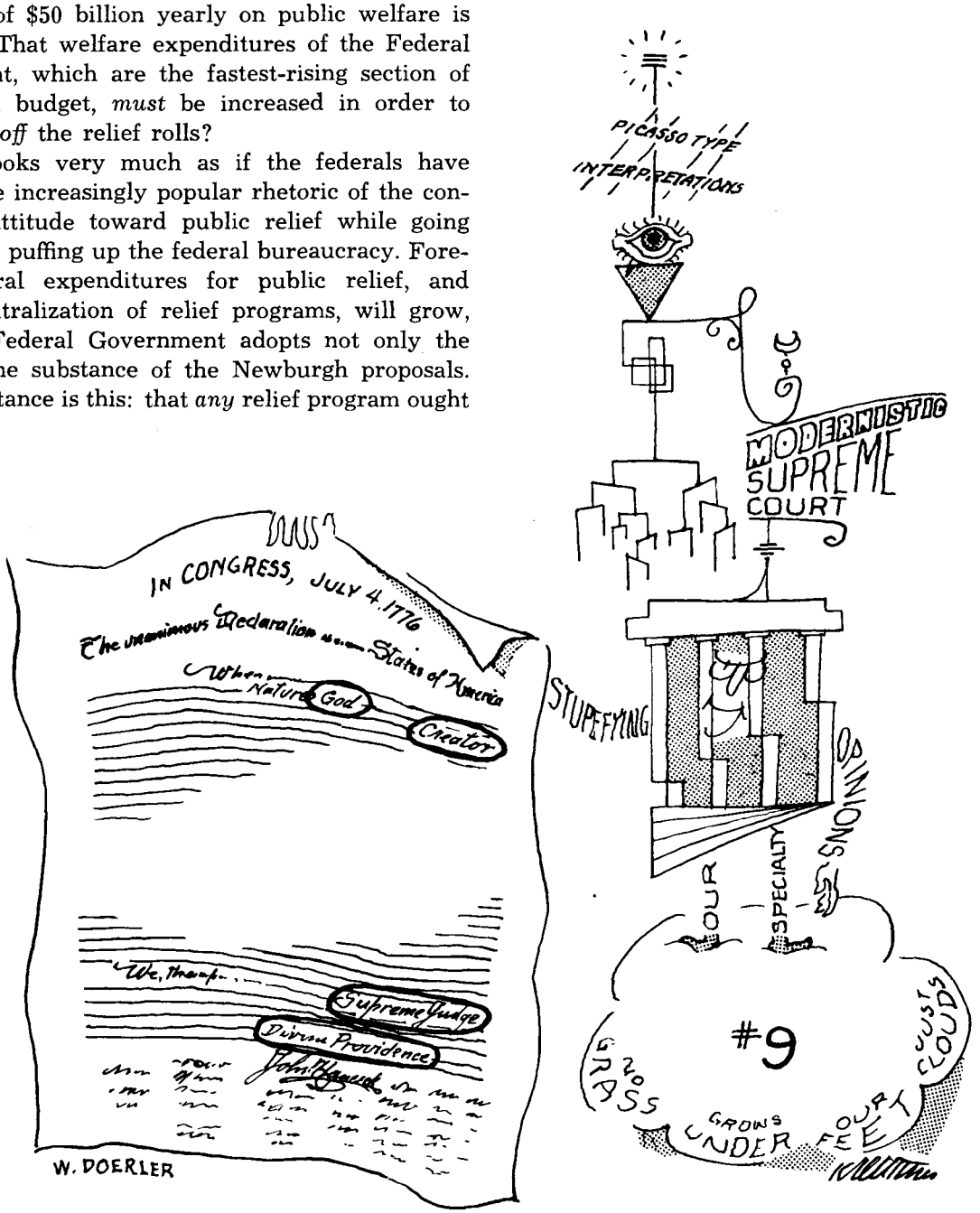
earn $30 a month without forfeiting their claim to public charity. Sounds good.

However, on top of a federal welfare budget that has more than doubled since 1950, the new law would authorize an immediate 10 per cent increase in expenditures. In many programs it will increase the portion to be financed by federal funds. And it will intrude the Federal Government deeper into the administration of welfare programs and the establishment of welfare criteria: for the Federal Government will step in, in a big way, as host and teacher to welfare workers in training around the country.

Does anyone seriously claim that a national expenditure of $50 billion yearly on public welfare is too little? That welfare expenditures of the Federal Government, which are the fastest-rising section of the federal budget, *must* be increased in order to get people *off* the relief rolls?

No, it looks very much as if the federals have adopted the increasingly popular rhetoric of the conservative attitude toward public relief while going right ahead puffing up the federal bureaucracy. Forecast: federal expenditures for public relief, and federal centralization of relief programs, will grow, until the Federal Government adopts not only the tone but the substance of the Newburgh proposals.

The substance is this: that *any* relief program ought to be financed and administered from the ground up. That is, if the family can't handle it, let it turn to the church. If the family has no church or the church can't handle it, let the town or city take over; failing that, the county; then the state; and only when all of these sources have been exhausted, let the Federal Government come in. In the last analysis, the Federal Government gets its funds only from these subsidiary agencies. The concept and structure of public relief need not be abolished, but should be turned right side up; and the programs should be returned to the people who, as neighbors of the unfortunate, know the facts and must pay the bills.



"Now here's a horrible example of how far astray an Emerging Nation can go without the enlightened influence of a cowed Bar Association, an awed press, a servile Congress and a gullible public!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whose Star is Telstar?

It's lucky for Telstar that it hasn't had to relay all the words hurled at it from the Senate floor the past couple of weeks. Even those 72 sapphire-coated facets, x thousand germanium transistors and umpty-ump solar cells would have been so overloaded, we suspect, that our dazzling new toy-in-the-sky might have sunk right down from orbit.

A Senate filibuster, you will recall from having had it drummed into your ears so often, is a parliamentary swindle by which a bitter little band of willful men thwart the democratic will of the people by talking their colleagues into surrender. Or to be absolutely exact: that's what a filibuster is when it's conducted by Southerners against a desegregation bill, or by conservatives against more federal controls or a new surrender of the national sovereignty. But you may be sure that a filibuster is a very different cup of tea when a brave cohort of selfless Liberal heroes man the pass, like Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae, against the onrushing chariots of Big Business, Banks and Reaction. How simple a task Horatius would have had at his bridge if, slashing at his side, he had had warriors so doughty as Wayne Morse and Estes Kefauver!

Ironically enough, what Senators Morse and Kefauver have been battling for, on behalf of which they have been flaying the leadership of their own party and halting the nation's business, is, quite simply, monopoly—monopoly in its most rigid and retrogressive form: a total governmental monopoly of all phases—technological, administrative and financial—of that incredible new field which is space communications.

We're not sure whether anyone should rejoice at a device that will increase the amount of yakking that will go on around the globe, but we're proud that if Telstar had to be, we were the ones who made it. And now that Telstar is successfully up there, the expansion of space communications into a vast enterprise is inevitable.

The Administration bill on handling the Telstar system is about as complicated as Telstar itself, and probably has to be, since all sorts of problems about sovereignty and international (or, for that matter, galactic) relations have to be taken into account. Necessarily, government is given a role; but primary responsibility is put on the private communications companies, headed by American Telephone and Telegraph. The operating corporation will be owned by them, with some participation by other companies and the investing public, subject to governmental supervision comparable to that in the already existing utilities and communications industries. In a field so utterly novel, with potentialities so enormous, the first law out of the hopper is not likely to be perfect, but this pending measure is as good as could be expected—in fact, much better than was to be expected. It is one bill, certainly, that should be saved from the shambles of the Kennedy legislative program.

Who Said Our Press Isn't Free?

On July 18, the 26th anniversary of the start of the Spanish Civil War, an episode occurred in the House of Representatives, extraordinary in itself yet still more extraordinary for having met total silence from the general press. One after another, 36 congressmen, all but three of them Liberal Democrats, presented carefully prepared and documented speeches—occupying no less than 18 of the dense pages of that day's *Congressional Record*—in copious, often fulsome, praise of Spain, her heroic struggle against Communism, her political and economic progress, her friendly relations with the United States, and her leader, Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Most of the celebrators were from the Eastern Seaboard, among them Representatives Victor L. Anfuso, Alfred E. Santangelo, Cornelius E. Gallagher, James A. Burke, and—as crowning touch—none other than Emanuel Celler, super-Liberal chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who outdid himself in hailing "Spain and its 26th anniversary of the Spanish people's uprising against the vulturistic, uncivilized Communist conspiracy. . . . It gives me a great feeling of security and pleasure to pay tribute and felicitate a great, gallant, and heroic people and their Chief of State." On the vote rating charts of Americans for Democratic Action, the majority of the 36 rate a full 100 per cent; the group averages 95 per cent.

The display was obviously planned long in advance, and signified—if one were to take it seriously—an unprecedented and total rejection of the official Liberal position toward the Spanish Civil War and the Spanish Government. The only plausible explanation is of a presumption on the part of the 36 that the constituents in their home districts—which are nearly all in big city areas, with large European-origin and Roman Catholic populations—are strongly pro-Spain and anti-Communist. Their constituents, however, will probably remain unaware of the dutiful behavior of their representatives until they get copies of the speeches in the mail.

Out of all the speeches offered that day on that topic, the wire services and newspapers reported one only; delivered by Representative William F. Ryan (D., N.Y.) who, alone, declared the conventional condemnation of Franco, Franco's Spain, and all its works.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plus and Minus

The morning papers Wednesday, August 1, announce: 1) The formation of the Malaysian Federation, 2) Indonesia's acceptance of the Bunker plan for the transfer of Dutch New Guinea to Indonesia after a short interlude of nominal UN suzerainty.

The first is a remarkable achievement. From the bits and pieces of her shattered Far Eastern empire, Britain has, through patient negotiation, managed to forge a new nation which takes in Malaya, a free nation and member of the Commonwealth; the Sultanate of Brunei, a British protectorate; North Borneo and Sarawak, two British colonies; and the self-governing but not autonomous island-city of Singapore—an area stretching in a wide-ranging arc for 1,600 miles along the South China Sea. The remarkable agreement setting up the Federation takes into account various ethnic and racial stresses and rivalries; it offers economic advantages through the joining together of industrial Singapore with other areas rich in natural resources; it stakes out Great Britain's right to the naval and air bases which are the key to her SEATO defenses. It is, in short, a promising example of British resilience and pragmatic intelligence in adapting to the changing conditions of the postwar world.

. . . And the second? What does Sukarno's acceptance of the Bunker plan prove? That the United States continues its postwar role as leader of the retreat of the West. Said the Bunker plan, like so many that preceded it: *Friend, get out.*

The EAL Strike

The airline industry's transition to jet aircraft has brought to a head a long-standing rivalry between the pilots' union and the flight engineers' union: and the objective question now is, What kind of deal will the flight engineers accept in return for giving the third cockpit seat to a pilot?

In order to settle this basically jurisdictional dispute the flight engineers have struck Eastern Air Lines, and the company has hardly flown a passenger for four weeks. It calculates its revenue loss at $1 million a day.

Arthur Goldberg, Secretary of Labor, finally admitted that *he* had exhausted all the resources of the law in formal negotiations. Technically this means either party is now free to invoke "self-help": that is, to respond by economic measures to the economic challenges arising from the strike. In Eastern's case this has meant, specifically, the commencement of a training course in which EAL pilots will brush up on their engineering sufficiently to take over the flight engineer panel in Eastern's cockpits. This

For the Record

When ADA organizer James Loeb was appointed U. S. Ambassador to Peru, governmental circles in Peru seriously considered advisability of declaring him persona non grata in view of his close relationship with Haya de la Torre and his far-Left APRA organization; now they wish they had. . . . Prime target of Cuba-trained Puerto Rican agitators is Luisa Ferre, leader in Puerto Rican faction advocating statehood for the island. . . . Secretary of State Dean Rusk may well be second member of Kennedy Cabinet to resign, but don't look for it before the elections. . . . Speculation on his replacement centering on Bobby Kennedy at the moment, but it's far from sure.

John Byrnes (R., Wisc.) suggests as alternative to Medicare, a 20¢ tax deduction for every dollar spent on medical and hospital insurance. . . . Newly formed, an Association of American Dentists (Box 679, Pampa, Texas); purpose: to oppose the socialization of the dental profession in the United States. . . . Having a great deal of fun, Rep. Edwin Dooley (R., N.Y.), in pointing to 1959 testimony by his primary opponent, former Herald Tribune editor Ogden (Brownie) Reid, that he, Reid, had been responsible for getting Tribune to heighten its criticism of Eisenhower Administration.

CNR (Council of National Resistance) sources report at least 1,500 French Algerians have been kidnapped (many tortured and killed) since Independence Day. Algerian authorities, according to Figaro, able to crack down on French activists because they were given French police records, presumably under a secret clause in Evian cease-fire. . . . Iran has offered homes to 2,500 Algerian farm family refugees. . . . Marseilles has become the Miami of France: over 160,000 Algerian refugees (one-fifth of the population of the city) have arrived in Marseilles in less than three months' time. . . . Total of refugees has now crossed half-million mark.

The world we live in: Saudi Arabia, which is pressing for freedom for oppressed people of Portuguese Angola, recently announced the appointment of a new director for slave affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means, in effect, that Eastern has made the decision, so rare nowadays, to fight it out.

But the flight engineers' union, which invoked the provisions of "self-help" in its behalf during the negotiations with Pan American, has now decided to test these provisions in the courts. It has sought a restraining order (preliminary injunction), the effect of which would be to make Eastern cease training its pilots as flight engineers.

At press time the Court's decision was expected momentarily. One aspect of the decision, whichever way it goes, will have to do with the relative legal immunities of labor unions and corporations. If Eastern's obdurate opposition to the stand of the flight engineers does nothing else, it will go a long way toward defining the current position of companies "affected with the national interest," which also are caught in jurisdictional disputes between labor unions.

Notes and Asides

The need in this country for a Catholic journal of opinion which will challenge the Liberal orthodoxy of America, Commonweal, The Sign, *etc., is increasingly apparent. The open letter, which we publish below, by L. Brent Bozell, relating a recent experience with* America, *makes the case plainly. We hope the Catholic conservative community will rally, before too much time goes by, to this great need.*

Dear Sir: On March 31, the Jesuit magazine *America*, which calls itself *The National Catholic Weekly Review*, featured a four-page article by the distinguished Fordham philosopher Norris Clarke, S.J., strongly disapproving the thesis I advanced (but hardly invented) some time ago in NATIONAL REVIEW that the West, given the theology of the Incarnation, ought to be defended as "God's civilization." It was the second time *America* had taken out after me on this subject, the earlier instance having been an inconsequent philippic by a Minneapolis priest who fancied himself adept at satire.

Deeming Father Clarke's carefully hewn arguments an effort to keep the discussion process functioning, and more—an attempt to escalate the dialogue between conservative and Liberal Catholics to a level where their respective philosophical and theological assumptions could be examined, I prepared a reply and sent it along to *America*. And I sent a copy to Fr. Clarke.

The return mail brought a pleasant letter from Thurston Davis, S.J., *America's* editor, advising that the piece was under consideration. A week or so later a second Father Davis letter arrived, purporting to "summarize the opinions of our staff and . . . to explain my decision not to publish. . . ."

The summary included several captious observations that, in charity, I shall not relate since Father Davis agreeably dismissed them as "not substantive [or] determining considerations."

The real explanation, he said, is this: "We chose *America* as the medium for Fr. Clarke's reply to your *NR* article, and did not request its publication in NATIONAL REVIEW. By choosing not to offer it to NATIONAL REVIEW, we hoped to make clear by implication that this was all the attention and all the space we could presently devote to the questions. [In other words: by publishing Father Clarke itself, *America* was trying to get across the idea that it did not want to devote further space to the problem; whereas if it had referred Fr. Clarke to NATIONAL REVIEW, that would have implied *America* did want to go on with the discussion. Get it?] Hence, since I am sure you can publish elsewhere . . . I am returning your manuscript."

I have no appetite for public diagnosis of Father Davis' "explanation" beyond admiring its strategy: an unintelligible position is, of course, always harder to come to grips with than an intelligible one. I write to remark on a problem of more general interest, namely: How do conservative Catholics, at a certain level of discourse, go about talking to Liberals and each other?

Should I have submitted my article in the first instance to NATIONAL REVIEW? That surely would have been improper. The discussion in question, at least my part in it, is distinctively Catholic at many points, and would thus have been an imposition on a majority of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers. To the *Wanderer* then, a sturdy champion of the Catholic Right? But what confirmed Liberal reads the *Wanderer?*

There are several other small Catholic journals with a conservative orientation, but let us face it: because such journals are not normally geared to polemics and because, anyway, the reading habits of most Liberals are quite different from those of my conservative friends who regularly follow *America* and *Commonweal*, these publications are not able to sustain an inter-camp dialogue.

Under the circumstances, I think it appropriate to question the operating assumption of those Liberal journals—*The National Catholic Weekly Review* and a few others—that now constitute a clear oligarchy in the Catholic journal-of-opinion field.

Are their obligations exhausted when they have finished hammering the nails into the coffins of their political opponents, and have prettily decorated the deed with an ad from the Sisters of Mercy?

Or have they a residual responsibility: to their own professed belief in the dignity and utility of the discussion process? Are their exclusionist policies compatible with their commitment to catholicity?

Philip II and I have tired of Liberal summonses to open-mindedness. After reading Father Davis' letter, we decided not to peddle our reply to Father Clarke: we would just drop it in the mail to our agents at 150 E. 35th St. in case anyone was interested. We have our pride, and besides, the saving in stamps from not sending the thing around will give us a start toward a new journal of opinion we are founding and which we will have to call of course (for we would not want our purposes to be misunderstood) *"La Inquisicion."*

El Escorial, Spain L. BRENT BOZELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Washington Straight

CATO

Speaking off the record to a group of newspaper executives well over a year ago, President Kennedy predicted that within twelve months both Laos and South Vietnam would be lost to the Communists. Since that time, the President has reversed himself on South Vietnam but it would now appear he meant what he said about Laos. In fact, hardly anyone in Washington harbors any doubts that a Laotian version of the Hammer and Sickle soon will be waving over the Royal Palace in Luang Prabang.

Cato

But there is a big difference between privately admitting that a one-time anti-Communist and pro-Western nation is slipping behind the Iron Curtain and letting the public in on the secret. For the public is apt to be a good deal less blasé (sophisticated, if you want) about the loss of a Western bastion, and this discontent could be reflected at the polls.

With this in mind the Administration undertook some months ago to spread the blame around a bit and it chose as its medium the President's good friend, columnist Joseph Alsop. Alsop has written three columns in the past few months on the major gamble our policy makers were taking in Laos. The gamble was that the Soviets' guarantees that they would support a genuinely neutral coalition government in Laos were, this once, real 24-carat genu-ine guarantees.

Alsop, one of the soundest newsmen in town on the subject of Asia, left no doubt in his column that he considered the gamble to be foolish, about on a par with drawing for a double inside straight. But the joker in each column was his insistence that the Administration had sought, and received, the backing of the Republican leadership before going out on the Laotian limb.

The record, however, reads quite differently. Months ago, after the Administration had embarked on its disastrous Laotian policy, GOP congressional leaders Charles Halleck and Everett Dirksen were called to the White House together with their Democratic counterparts in the House and Senate. At this conference the Administration policy on Laos was unveiled. And that is all that happened. Neither Dirksen nor Halleck was given an opportunity to approve or disapprove the gamble. They were presented with what amounted to a *fait accompli.* Yet, as far back as April 15, 1961, Senator Dirksen had publicly opposed a coalition government in Laos. On May 10 of this year, former President Eisenhower warned at a Gettysburg press conference that "a coalition government with the Communists in very important positions [was] one way we lost China [and] I would be very careful of such a program right now." GOP National Chairman William Miller, in nearly every speech he has made recently, has blasted the coalition scheme.

When the *Washington Evening Star's* Bette Beale broke the story of the full-dress party the Bobby Kennedys tossed *in* and around their swimming pool, a good many eyebrows were lifted when Col. John Glenn's name appeared on the guest list. Eyebrows arched even higher when *Time* reported Glenn was a frequent guest of the Robert Kennedys', and a week later, a wire service photo of Col. Glenn water-skiing with Jackie Kennedy touched off a minor eruption.

All over town and, if reports can be believed, all over the country, there were snorts of indignation. Problem for the New Frontier image makers? Why should the fact that a Marine Lieutenant Colonel is associating socially with the wife of the President and with the Attorney General get such a reaction?

From press reports it would appear that the failure of Senate and House conferees to get together on appropriation bills is simply a "battle over prerogatives between two crusty old men," Senator Carl Hayden and Congressman Clarence Cannon. But the problem is much sharper than that. To start with, the House resents the Senate's penchant for adding a couple of million dollars or more to every appropriation measure passed by the House and sent to the upper chamber. But more important, the Senators have a habit of dressing down their House counterparts for any differences in the House and Senate versions of appropriation bills and asking them to approve conference reports that bear little or no resemblance to the bills actually passed by the House. The House conferees have little choice in the matter from a practical standpoint because their refusal to approve means, for all intents and purposes, that the bill is dead for the session. And many of these bills are of such a nature that they simply cannot be killed if the U.S. Government is to go about its business.

This has its brighter side, however. Last year the House passed a bill giving the Attorney General additional investigatory powers in the preparation of anti-trust suits. The bill would have allowed agents of the Justice Department to walk into any business and help themselves to any books, papers or documents that happened to interest them, without a court order. The GOP wouldn't buy this. It asked for, and got, an amendment that provided that the Attorney General must first show that he was actively engaged in an anti-trust investigation before he could use the new powers. The Senate, however, passed the bill without the restrictive amendment and sold the House conferees on the now-amended version.

The report went back to the House. But in the meantime Bobby Kennedy had set the FBI on some newsmen at 3:00 A.M. one morning during the steel price episode, displaying readiness to use his police powers for political purposes.

When it came to a vote, the House said no—202 to 200. The bill now goes back to conference and the House conferees have been instructed to stick to their guns on the GOP amendment. If the Senate won't buy the reinforced House position — No Amendment, No Bill—the bill will die in conference.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conservatives Don't Have the Bodies

. . . and without them they won't win primaries, says the author, who last fall saw conservative Ed Nash lose a NYC primary he could have won

AARON H. BROWN

Right now we're in the heart of the primary season; some vital ones, in California, Texas, Pennsylvania and Maryland have been settled. Others, equally important, in Massachusetts, New York, Michigan and Illinois still have to be fought. In many of them—particularly on the lower levels at which city and state officials are nominated—conservatives have a major stake. Even in situations in which for years they have had a choice only between liberaldom and liberaldee, there is hope for conservatives *if* they concentrate their forces, pick a likely target, and get down to the wearying job of compiling voter lists, getting signatures or petitions, ringing doorbells, making telephone calls, stuffing envelopes, raising money, working early in the morning and late into the night. In short, if they engage realistically in the art of politics.

A good example of what can and can't be done—but might have been done—and which is worth repeating was the campaign in New York City last September in which conservative Ed Nash, a political unknown, rolled up 42 per cent of the vote against the late Liberal GOP city councilman, Stanley Isaacs, and the entrenched party machine in the Republican primary.

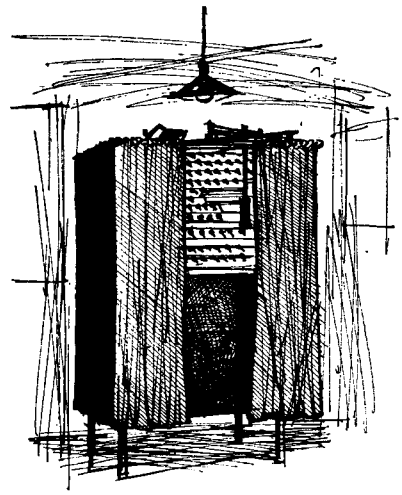
The *New York Herald Tribune*, in reporting the contest, quoted an anonymous source on the failure of the Nash campaign: "They've got the money, all right, but not the bodies. A lot of them walk around wearing haloes and carrying signs saying, 'I'm an idealist.' But ask them to run for office or to work hard in a political campaign and they look at you as if you'd called their mother a leper." The "they," "them," and "their" in the charge refer to conservatives.

The "they've got the money" bit was nonsense, as any Nash worker who hesitated to make a ten-cent phone call during the campaign will attest. But the "conservatives don't have the bodies" theme hits home. It conjures memories of political maps of New York City, and of scores of election districts lost to the Liberals because the conservatives lacked the manpower to "work" them.

Stages of a Campaign

This year's conservative-Liberal primary battles will differ from last year's in that different offices and political subdivisions will be involved. But all primary election campaigns must pass through three broad stages: petition-passing—to get a candidate's name on the ballot; campaigning—to acquaint the voters with a candidate's virtues and his opponent's faults; and getting out the vote—to place the friendly voter near the ballot or voting machine on primary day.

The arena for the Nash-Isaacs Republican primary fight of 1961 was the 20th Senatorial District of Manhattan. It contained more than 40,000 enrolled Republicans who were eligible to sign party-primary-designating petitions and to vote in the primary. (Their names, with home addresses and party affiliations, were printed in official enrollment books published by the Board of Elections and available for purchase by anyone willing to pay a few dollars for them.) It included the Silk Stocking district of New York City and could be trusted to elect to public office any candidate, not excluding Donald Duck, who carried the Republican label.



To get on the ballot, Nash had to file with the Board of Elections of the City of New York the signatures of at least 750 enrolled Republicans who reside in the 20th Senatorial District. Isaacs was bound by the same rules—but he, of course, had in his corner all of the party officers, all of the pros of the regular clubs and, as the final days of the campaign were to show, the governor of the State of New York.

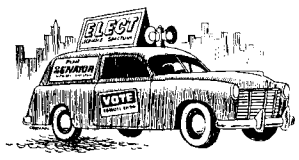
Now, a district with 40,000 eligible signers would appear to be a well-stocked lake in which to fish for 750 signatures. And, as a matter of fact, the Isaacs forces had little trouble collecting and filing some 6,000 signatures. The conservatives, however, collected only 1,500 signatures (of which 411 were invalidated by the Board of Elections at the urging of Isaacs' political lawyers).

What happened, in brief, was that the regular Republican machine had experienced district captains and co-captains passing petitions in each of the 229 election districts that comprised the battleground, while only a handful of Nash workers solicited signatures from people other than relatives and friends. The regulars had so many workers in the field that signatures gathered by each of them from relatives and friends added up to eight times the legal requirement. The conservatives had neither comparable numbers of district captains nor the kind of district captain who knew from past

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

campaigns which enrolled Republicans could be counted on to sign petitions.

The conservatives could compensate for this deficiency only by doggedly following the official enrollment book and calling on enrolled Republicans "cold." This door-to-door operation — fatiguing, frustrating and even, at times, humiliating — put Ed Nash's name on the ballot last September. While petition-passing is part of the campaigning stage in that it makes some voters aware that the leadership of the party is being challenged and advertises the insurgent candidate to at least a few people, campaigning proper involves an attempt to communicate with every eligible primary voter. This is accomplished by mailings, posters on lamp poles, a cruising sound truck, and phone calls.



In the Nash effort, providing manpower for this stage proved the least troublesome item. But it should be noted that manpower is definitely needed in this connection. Envelopes don't address or stuff themselves.

But it was in "getting out the vote" that the Nash team felt the manpower shortage most acutely, and it probably lost the primary election because of it. The crew that, by dint of weeks of grueling work, had rung enough doorbells to collect 1,500 signatures was simply not big enough to get 6,138+1 voters to the polls—or to do sentry duty at the polls to prevent the Isaacs forces from stealing the election.

The problem in this stage arises from the fact that a citizen can be pro or con someone or something with an intensity that is less than sufficient to make him walk a couple of blocks to the polling place. Many voters believe that primaries are peculiarly not their business. In some cases a citizen simply forgets that an election is taking place.

The regular organization's solution to this problem is the obvious one of sending district captains to call on the lukewarm citizens to urge them to come to the polls. The captain, or the co-captain, sits at the polling place on election day and notes on his list of enrolled voters who has and who has not come in to vote. Periodically he will walk about the district visiting the people who have not yet voted. He carries a supply of dimes for use in a pay telephone in or near the polling place.

The millions of votes cast in Presidential elections every four years are always partly the result of the doorbell-ringing and phone-calling activities of district captains all over the country. And the determination of a state party's preference among Presidential candidates—or the selection of the men and women who will make that determination—is often made in primaries where the deciding factor is the amount of energy invested in getting out the vote. For New York City this means that, while a Goldwater probably could not get a majority of the city's votes in a general election, the conservatives could muster enough votes in a party primary to make it possible for a Goldwater to be the Republican Presidential candidate so that conservatives outside New York City could elect him President.

Conservatives who are willing to be more than spectators in the great power struggle of our time would do well to understand that a key position in the struggle is the few square feet in front of the doorbell of an enrolled voter.

Conversation at a Barbecue

CHRISTOPHER HYDE

Why Billie boy! Ain't seen you in an age,
Least not since we buried Clem. Let's see,
Three years ago this summer weren't it?
You always said the way to win a friend
Was fixin' so's his kin would go to glory
Nice-like.

But like I say, somethin' you've always got
For a man, a stetson, meetin' suit,
A funeral for his folks, maybe a spread
Like this you got tonight, real nice.

Folks call us farmers hard, maybe we are,
But let us get behind a man, you'll find
Some hardness then, a Brahma bull 'ud twist
A horn, breakin' us apart

Billie. We got your word, ain't nothin' more
We need. Ain't nothin' we could have
Worth more. You go up and we go
With you. These Yanks are stupid. You recall

That feller drove his cows around the hill
Till bankers thought he had the biggest spread
In Texas?
You gotta take it while the takin's good.
Why debts'll chase the rent these fellers pay
Like a young hound after his tail. He'll
Never catch it.

Why should we care about them finance men.
You go ahead and use their dough. Breed more.
That's where *they* got it. Who gives a damn.
A man's worth double what he owes, Clint says.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World War

Danger! Ideologues at Large!

JAMES BURNHAM

The Peruvian episode is a warning notice of the extent to which ideology is replacing policy in the conduct of our country's foreign relations. There has been nothing like it in our past history. An ideology—*any* ideology—is a poor guide to political action, because ideology proceeds from abstractions that have cut loose from reality. Serious policy, in contrast, always takes into account the realities of geography, history, power, interest, security. When the ideologue is in power, his aim is to compel events to conform to his preconceived system of ideas. The usual result, as in this Peruvian case, is stupidities and confusion, which lead on to social revolution, blood and terror when the ideologue's Ego is on the scale of a Robespierre, Lenin or Hitler.

No one should be surprised to discover at the center of the Peruvian farce a cluster of pedigreed ideologues bred in the kennels of Americans for Democratic Action. As field commander in Lima, masquerading as ambassador, there was James Loeb, one of ADA's initiators, long-time ADA co-chairman, all-out civil righter, welfarer, racial integrator, coexister, Red China recognizer, etc. etc. Back at headquarters was a yipping yardful of his litter-mates: Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Walt Rostow, Richard Goodwin, Chester Bowles and the other ribbon-winners of the self-entitled Non-Communist Left.

Castro Sans Khrushchev

What the NCL wants for Latin America—as for Africa, Asia, and, why not, for Europe and North Africa too in good time—is, in substance, Castroism without quite so close a link to Moscow or quite so many killings. (Neutralism or a "pro-Eastern orientation" is all right—even mandatory—but it's not good manners to sign up openly with the Kremlin. There's nothing improper about lopping off a few landlord-reactionary-colonialist-militarist heads, but you shouldn't be as careless as Castro about the formula. The Algerian FLN, so far, offers an approved NCL model.) Castroism without Khrushchev, Latin American Titoism: that's what the "Progress" means in the Alliance for Progress.

In Peru they put our money—and plenty of it, as *NR* revealed some months ago—on Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, chief of the American Popular Revolutionary Alliance (APRA), a typical NCLer with a typical background of past Communist connections and bloodshed, long-time comrade of Venezuela's Rómulo Betancourt, who, more than any other individual, calls the NCL signals for Latin America. The money, pressures, intrigues and threats with which the U.S. backed Haya were probably a main reason why Haya did so much worse than expected in the June 10 election. The bulk of the vote was divided about equally among Haya, General Manuel Odría and Belaunde Terry, with no one of them receiving a full third of the ballots. Interestingly enough, Haya ran far behind in the decisive Lima region, which was carried by the candidate farthest to the Right, Manuel Odría.

Without trying to pass on the merits of the constitutional difficulty posed by this result, it should be obvious that in terms of political realities no candidate had won a compelling mandate. Even in a constitutionally stable country, it would be hard for an individual backed by less than a third of the electorate to get a sufficient consensus for orderly democratic government. In a Latin American country, the prospect was social breakdown.

The Peruvian military leaders, headed by the respected General Ricardo Perez Godoy, decided to form what amounts to a caretaker government in order to keep their country from falling apart and to guide it through to a new election next spring that could yield a viable result. Perhaps they were wrong, but there is no indication that their motives were other than sober and responsible. They can hardly be accused of "thwarting the will of the people," when the people had so plainly refused to manifest a coherent will.

So the Kennedy Administration, within less than 24 hours, not only broke off relations with Lima, but halted all aid programs, ordered U.S. technicians in Peru to cease working, cut off Peru's sugar quota and tried to organize a united front to smash the military committee. Because, of course, it was "anti-democratic."

This is the same Administration that is pouring food, arms, machines and hundreds of millions of dollars into the lap of the Communist dictatorship in Yugoslavia, the Communist dictatorship in Poland, the one-party pro-Eastern dictatorship in Ghana (and a dozen other African nations), the Arab socialist dictatorship in Egypt, the anti-Western Arab terrorist regime in Algeria, etc. But none of these governments is anti-Communist or "of the Right." The iron law of the Liberal ideology asserts itself: The real enemy is always to the Right! *Il n'y a pas d'ennemi à gauche!*

More Fools than Villains

Happily, the NCL ideologues have once again made fools rather than villains of themselves. If their ignorant, petty, clumsy move had succeeded, it could only have plunged Peru into political chaos and civil war. But it did not succeed. The Peruvian officers and the Peruvian community kept their heads. The general strike, which APRA was egged on to call, fizzled. The Catholic primate, identified with reformist tendencies, publicly approved the military committee. Terry, Odría and finally Haya himself admitted the propriety of its action. The larger Latin American nations refused to follow Betancourt and Kennedy in an anti-Peru crusade.

So the ideologues will have to crawl down once more, trying to hide with their mumbo-jumbo the sight of their bedraggled tails between their legs. Unfortunately, their country will inevitably have to share the additional load of contempt, anger and loss of confidence that their incompetent meddling has earned.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter from the Continent

Spanish Growing Pains

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Spain has been very much in the news in recent weeks. It is still a dictatorship based primarily on army support, but few are aware of the extent to which the liberalization has proceeded. The recent wave of strikes did not result in bloodshed; funds for the families of needy strikers raised by Britain's Trade Union Congress (TUC) are now being officially forwarded to their destination and the national unions are showing signs of independence. Originally they were state-ordered organizations almost as bad as the Russian *profsoyuzi*, but Spaniards being what they are—independent-minded and individualistic—these organized bodies have emerged from their restrictive cocoons. While they have not fomented the strikes, they have sympathized with them.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

It is worthwhile to consider the true implications of the early summer strike in the Spanish coal regions, the sympathy strikes elsewhere, and the curious, but still significant, student manifestations.

To begin with, it is absolutely true that the Spanish worker is miserably paid, but it is equally true that the striking workers belonged to the best-paid category in Spain and get living wages.

It could well be that the wages and salaries, which not only industrial workers and agricultural laborers but also the vast majority of the middle classes get in Spain, could be substantially augmented. On the other hand, it could also be that even a radical and more equal redivision of the national income would not result in raising the living standards to levels which could reasonably be compared to those in the rest of Europe. When we talk about living standards we are talking about relative situations. In the eighteenth century it was the privilege of princes to have music in their splendid palaces and homes; today such luxury is within the reach of all.

Spanish living standards have been greatly improved in the last few years and the gap between Spain and the rest of Europe has lessened to the extent that Spain is now seriously thinking of joining the Common Market. Yet, precisely these factors, *i.e.*, the opening of wide windows on Europe, the massive influx of tourists, the large-scale migration north of Spanish workers who send informative mail and money home—these, as well as the visible improvement in wage scales, have brought grave social unrest. If living and working conditions can be improved, why should this process not be radically accelerated? Why wait for tomorrow if the good life can be had today?

Chances for Progress

The question is whether, indeed, it *could* reasonably be had today. Have ambition and the eagerness to work hard increased to such an extent among the Spaniards that production rates have gone up steeply? Has there been a real chance for sound reinvestment in Spanish industry? Or is Spain still suffering from the after-effects, not only of a disastrous Civil War, but of the senseless and immoral blockade to which she was subjected at the behest of the Soviet Union after 1945? I am not saying that the highly statist economic policy preceding the present free market policy should not be blamed for the present state of affairs; it had very evil effects. Yet, the recent wave of strikes, certainly fanned and abetted by non-Western powers, raised demands which Spanish industry could meet only with the greatest difficulty and at the risk of grave economic perils. They endangered Spain's economic growth which is so necessary if she is to join the European Common Market.

Professor Roepke once pointed out that to talk economics without basing them on sound ethics is just as disastrous as to moralize without any economic knowledge. If we see a small, hungry, dirty boy in rags we should investigate his parents' finances and the number of their dependents before we condemn them for negligence.

The students of Madrid and Barcelona who demonstrated in the streets in favor of the workers, did so only incidentally. And they received no helping hand from Catholic bishops or church publications for the simple reason that their demonstrations were staged primarily as a protest against the granting, by the government, of university status to the *Estudio General de Navarra* in Pamplona, a university established by a powerful lay order, Opus Dei.

Most Americans are convinced that the Franco regime rests on the triple support of the Army, the Church, and the aristocracy. They should skip numbers two and three. The Pope cannot appoint a bishop in Spain without Franco's consent. No Catholic school has so far been authorized to issue a valid certificate or degree. (If you want to talk about the "power of the Catholic Church," you should look to the Netherlands rather than to Spain; as a matter of fact, the Catholic Church is freer and has more *practical* influence in the United States than she has in Spain.)

To draw an American analogy, let us imagine the students of New York City College (or of the University of Wisconsin) demonstrating against a governmental decision granting Fordham, Marquette, or Southern Methodist University the right to give BA or Ph.D. degrees. Yet the case of the Spanish students, who are strongly affected by leftist ideas, is far more fantastic. They oppose the Spanish regime out of a strict sense of "nonconformism" and normally lament the omnipotence of the state. But the moment the state relaxes and grants educational privileges to the private sector, they start to demonstrate. All of which shows that the study of politics—in Spain especially—is incomplete without sound psychiatric preparation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade or Suffocate

Lots of Latin Americans would rather do business with the U.S. than with Russia, but in many ways we make it hard

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Some months ago a Chilean nitrate company—Chilean Antofagasto—found itself fresh out of locomotives for its narrow-gauge railroad. The company was strongly anti-Soviet. It had suffered from Communist-inspired labor riots and vowed it would rather do business with the devil than with the Soviets. It turned to the United States with its order. But in the United States it found no supplier interested in the expensive job of mounting a big diesel on a narrow-gauge chassis just to effect a sale of three locomotives. So, in the end, the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade filled the little order and sent along, free, a government specialist to see that the new locomotives worked. Now the formerly anti-Soviet Chilean company is also equipping its shops with some Soviet-made machine tools.

This is no isolated case. In the last decade Soviet trade with Latin America has grown by leaps and bounds while ours has dwindled. The Soviet Union opened her trade offensive in Latin America in 1952. In 1954 she became Uruguay's number one foreign customer. In 1955 the trade of the Soviet bloc with Argentina had been boosted to $150 million. Our trade that year with Argentina skidded to $200 million. In 1958 our total Latin American trade slipped 10 per cent. In 1959 it slipped another 14 per cent. While we were losing both exports and imports in thirteen of the twenty Latin American Republics in 1959, the Soviet bloc was gaining in at least ten. Last year we slipped again. In all, in the last eight years, Soviet trade with Latin America has grown 700 per cent while ours has dwindled 28 per cent.

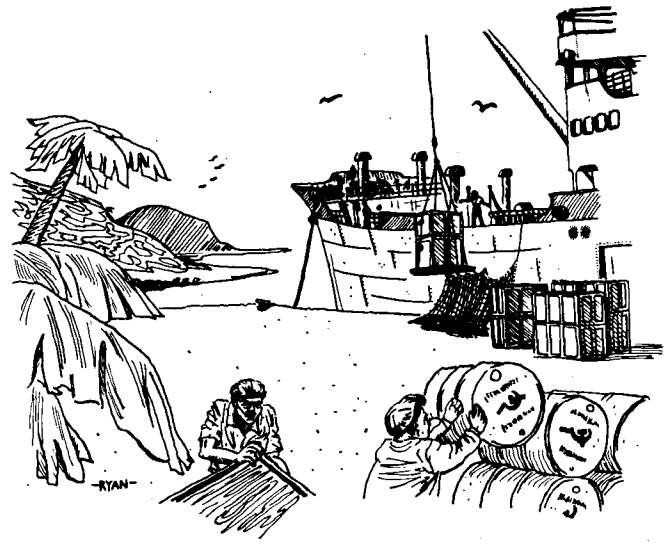
I do not suggest that the Soviet bloc has overtaken us in Latin American trade. In most of Latin America the Soviets are still far behind us. They started in 1952 from an extremely small base; only three Latin American countries were giving the Soviet bloc more than 1 per cent of their total trade. Today they still have no more than 3 per cent of Latin America's total trade, while even with our losses we still have well over 20 per cent. Moreover, they still are behind such trading powers as Great Britain, West Germany, France, Japan and Canada.

Soviet Gains

Yet—and this is the point—they are going steadily forward while we keep slipping back. They keep gaining in those areas where they most seek to gain. Their aim is deliberate and skillful. Last year they accounted for 5 per cent of Brazil's total exports, 6 per cent of Argentina's, Venezuela's and Ecuador's, about 11 per cent of Uruguay's. They are making a steady, persistent infiltration into the Andean Republics, Mexico, Colombia and Venezuela. As John Foster Dulles said not long before his death: "There's a discomforting similarity between Communist penetrations into economic affairs of Latin America during the 1950s and into China's during the 1930s. . . ." The people of Latin America are distressed by the trend. They do not want Communism. They recognize the dangers of dealing with the Russians. They are turning to the Communists in the simple, frantic assumption that Communist trade is definitely preferable to no trade.

José Eduardo Gonçalves, one of Brazil's senior authorities on trade, explains: "A man tortured by hunger is no epicure. He takes anything edible. My people hunger for foreign trade and in some instances the hunger is so great they take on Soviet goods. This does not indicate any affection for, or confidence in, Soviet Russia or any of its puppets. We much prefer U.S. goods and trade because the quality, labeling, eye appeal and other factors are much better. But when we can't get enough U.S. goods, or when production costs, tariffs, short credit and so on price them out of our reach, we find Soviet goods better than nothing. . . ."

Not only is U.S. trade with Latin America sagging; our investments, too, have fallen sharply. Recently there have been years when Latin Americans have invested more in the United States than we have in their countries. One economist for the Organization of American States declares that at present we're investing in Latin America only one-fifth as much as we're taking out in earnings on our earlier investments. While the rate of U.S. private investments in western Europe rose by 36 per cent during nine months of



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1960, new U.S. private investment in Latin America for all of 1960 is estimated at less than half that of 1959, and only one-sixth of what it was in 1957. Soviet Russia, by contrast, now boasts of its willingness to "plow back" thirty cents of every dollar of Latin American trade.

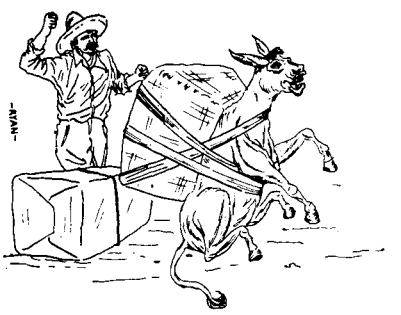
The Customers' Needs

One reason we're losing ground in trade is that we've ignored our customers' special needs. Recently in Buenos Aires a machine-tool service man from Vermont received a distress call from a manufacturer who wailed that his newly imported Soviet power lathe had gone haywire. The Vermonter went around to see what he could do. He found the ailing Soviet machine an exact reproduction of a lathe which a Vermont machine-tool maker had sold to Moscow in 1936. U.S. machine-tool makers now view the Soviet lathe as a virtual museum relic. But many fledgling factories in Latin America prefer the out-dated Soviet counterfeit to the highly automated, more expensive tools now being produced in the United States. "We Yankees have stuck ourselves on automation," the service man says. "Our southern neighbors aren't ready for automation. The Communists remembered the needs of their customers."

For years the Toledano mining company in Peru bought work gloves from U.S. brokers. The quality was excellent, but U.S. standard sizes are too big for the small Peruvian men. Efforts to obtain job lots of smaller gloves were unsuccessful; the U.S. manufacturers, highly mechanized, could not see a profit in changing patterns. But last year a Czechoslovakian firm offered to supply small-sized bulk lot gloves in barter for mine products. The Peruvian manager still shrugs unhappily as he feels the lack of quality of the new merchandise. But after all, what is he supposed to do about it?

Packaging is another problem. Frequently buyers of our heavy machinery must disassemble it at shipside before they can move it to the place of use. Frequently our exports go south in crates, drums, hogsheads and other oversize containers which recipients find difficult to load and transport on their roads, trails, planes or narrow-gauge railroads. In a small Pacific port of Guatemala I met an Indian potter who had come down from the hills with a string of burros to carry home an all-necessary import of pottery cement. The cement should have been packed in 50-pound bags. Instead it came in 180-pound bags. Almost tearfully the buyer told me, "*Señor*, these bags are too heavy. Three-bag balance packs would weigh more than my burros. And I don't have my womenfolk along!"

Significantly, the Soviet Foreign Trade Ministry now boasts that it supplies heavy machinery "stripped down to convenient package size." Czech-made barbed wire and Polish-made paper are now being exported to Brazil in convenient 40-kilos rolls (88 pounds) instead of the 200- to 500-pound rolls still widely used in international trade. Soviet exporters are supplying industrial chemicals in packages of "man-lift" size, a big factor, experts agree, in sales which in Brazil alone have recently totaled 21,000 tons of chemicals in a single month. But Soviets have better weapons than packaging and meeting customers' needs. Eighteen hundred miles downcoast from Buenos Aires, for example, is Argentina's wild and windy "wool frontier." In the past it has been most difficult to convert this wool into usable money. But for the last seven years Russia and Poland have been picking up and exporting the wool and paying for it with machinery and other Communist goods which, in effect, are bartered for the wool. "They give us a lot of high-pressure propaganda talk we don't want," one Argentinian says, "but for the past seven years we have been able to stay in business by swapping wool at their shipside for our supplies."



Russia hasn't kept the wool. She has passed it—and practically all her other Latin American imports—along to her satellites. This device is one of her best trading weapons. In 1958, for example, Brazil sold the USSR 9,500 tons of coffee. Since most Russians drink tea, 3,700 tons of the coffee went to Czechoslovakia, 1,297 to East Germany, 1,272 to Hungary, 2,800 to Poland and 122 to Rumania. The Soviet Union itself kept only 33 tons. All the 7,141 tons of Brazilian cattle-hides were shunted along to the satellites, principally to Czechoslovakia. Poland took all the 2,600 tons of linseed and the 1,900 tons of castor beans. By contrast, the United States has no little-sister states on whom to wish off whatever unwanteds she may bring home from a shopping binge.

Leon S. Kahn and Son, of New York, is a typical exporter of U.S.-made building materials. For more than forty years the firm has supplied top-quality, name-brand U.S. supplies throughout Latin America. When a U.S. construction firm contracted recently with the Venezuelan Government to build 3,035 new housing units in the Caracas area, the big new program seemed to exporter Kahn like a natural order for his firm to handle.

At least it did until he took a first-hand look. Then he noted one of the traditional price barometers in the building trades. At construction site or nearest ports, Czech-made lavatories were already available at $3.00 apiece. This is approximately the U.S. manufacturer's cost of packing and crating the item for export—without any allowance for costs of manufacture, transportation, brokerage, duties, insurance or handling. Similarly, Kahn found Soviet-bloc pipe, tile, windows, metal doors, paints, screening and flooring tile being offered at delivered prices well below factory yard prices in the United States. Obviously all these were Communist "penetration" items and loss leaders with which he could not compete.

But Kahn found suppliers from free-world countries also underpricing U.S. goods. Further, while Kahn could offer six months' credit, all the other principal free-world suppliers were offering credit ranging from three-and-a-half to seven years. And the Soviet-bloc exporters, through their foreign trade ministries, were offering up to twelve years. U.S. and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other free-world exporters are aided in extending credit by their governments through government-supervised private credit insurance similar in principle to the federal home loan insurance that helps lenders and borrowers in the United States. But the programs of other nations are more favorable to the exporter than is ours. Time and again our competitors get the orders simply because they offer more liberal credit.

Buying to Sell

Recently Lima, Peru authorized a new $3.5 million water works. The prime contractor, Cia. Servasi, prefers U.S.-made pipe and fittings because they are world-famed for quality. But suppliers from the Soviet countries and free nations of Europe are offering credit terms of forty-two months to seven years. From present appearances U.S. suppliers won't get a dollar of the trade.

Further, when Kahn or any other accredited U.S. exporter buys building materials to sell abroad he must buy at standard domestic prices. We have no routine discounts or special prices on purchases for export. Practically all other commercial powers do; standardized exporters' discounts range from 5 per cent, or somewhat less, up to 30 or even 40 per cent of manufacturers' prices for goods deemed surplus or exportable with a view to national benefit.

In most free nations goods for export enjoy substantial reductions in railroad freight—anywhere from 10 to 30 per cent. Ocean-freight rates are similarly reduced or rebated. Like the United States, most competing nations subsidize their home-owned and registered shipping. But the others, in return, require preferential rates for exports. All this helps explain why Czech-made lavatories cost $3.00 in Caracas.

Why are we taking a licking in Latin America? What do we do about it?

Perceptive Latin Americans are distressed by our loss. As a result, eight Latin American nations have recently enacted "Come Hither Yankee" legislation designed to encourage U.S. trade and investments within their boundaries. Practically all of them—even many of the good people of Castro-dominated Cuba—are appealing to the United States to be their friend and companion. They are looking to us for legitimate, mutual-benefit trade rather than politically maneuvered "aid."

Closer to home, they are also giving a lot of attention to trade pacts with near neighbors. In 1958 Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela agreed to merge in a common market. Early in 1960, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Peru, Paraguay and Uruguay signed a treaty to join in a common market area with duties and tariffs reduced or erased and all trade impediments minimized. Currently all the Central American states except Panama are planning a common market. A single Latin American nation can rarely provide a really efficient market and cannot by itself justify present-day efficiency standards of industrial development. But by give-and-take easing of tariffs they can together stimulate and help balance exports and imports. Most Latin American business people urge the United States to join in. This would require reciprocal trade agreements between the United States and common-market members to reduce or remove import duties. In many instances it would be necessary, at least temporarily, for U.S. firms to reduce prices and profits. Our gain would be in expanding markets and sales.

We haven't reached first base in adjusting rail- and ocean-freight rates to the legitimate competitive needs of our exporters. It is clearly up to U.S. manufacturers and their trade associations to provide necessary discounts or rebates to their exporters or export departments.

The travails of Latin America can be remedied. There are plenty of problems and impediments to be met, solved and worked away. But there are plenty of Latin Americans who believe in free enterprise. They are eager to work shoulder-to-shoulder with the United States to build new and better trade and thereby a new measure of greatness for all the Americas.

Mass Historia

W. H. VON DREELE

Once upon a time there was a young history professor from Harvard University. As with most historians, he had a hero. Only with him it wasn't Napoleon or Talleyrand or even Florence Nightingale. It was FDR, for heaven's sake! By the time he got to Harvard, therefore, the professor had taken on a distinct list to port.

Friends lived in fear he might teeter leftward into the Charles River. Classic American quotes such as "I'd rather be *right* than be President" and "My country, *right* or wrong!" gave him the golliwobbles. And in his books, he always spoke of the Right as the "old order" which was chronically in "crisis." For this he received many literary prizes.

One day, a famous Harvard alumnus who never had to worry about falling hair was elected President. Well sir, before you could say deficit spending, the professor and half the Harvard faculty had settled in the White House, thinking, writing and rocking. But the professor always seemed to think and write the most. He loved to dig up old slogans, such as "That government governs best which governs most" and "This country cannot long endure without more social legislation," to highlight gloomy memoranda for the President.

Official Washington could recall nothing quite like it since Cassandra nagged Priam. But though he cautioned and warned and screamed and stamped and pouted and went into truly monumental tizzies predicting this country's collapse unless everything in sight were nationalized *at once*, nothing happened. Instead, his books still sold well, the royalties still poured in, and the Dow-Jones averages were—(ahem).

MORAL: *You'd be mad too if they kept tossing you in Bobby's pool.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Dreamthorp and Linlithgow

Just one hundred years ago, Alexander Smith wrote *Dreamthorp,* the only book of his that still is read. Though *Dreamthorp* often appears on lists of favorite books of book-loving people, I do not think there is a paperback edition of it anywhere. There ought to be, for it would serve well in college or high school as a model for the essay; and also there is much instructive wisdom in *Dreamthorp.*

Kirk

As one may surmise from the title, this slim series of meditative essays centers round an ideal village, where the essayist is spending his declining years; I suppose George Gissing may have been influenced by *Dreamthorp* in writing his *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.* But not all admirers of *Dreamthorp* realize that the sleepy and beautiful little town which Smith loved was not the creation of his dreaming fancy: Dreamthorp is simply a precise copy of an ancient Scottish town (though in the book it is called an English village)—Linlithgow, which Smith knew well in his day.

Wanderer's Rest

"I first beheld Dreamthorp," Smith writes, "with its westward-looking windows painted by sunset, its children playing in the single straggling street, the mothers knitting at the open doors, the fathers standing about in long white blouses, chatting or smoking; the great tower of the ruined castle rising high into the rosy air, with a whole troop of swallows—by its distance made as small as gnats—skimming about its rents and fissures. . . . I felt instinctively that my tired feet might wander no more, that at last, on the planet, I had found a home." While life in modern Linlithgow is no longer the idyll that Smith invokes, many of the ancient landmarks survive, and the past has not been completely effaced.

The "castle" actually is Linlithgow Palace, burnt by the English long ago, but splendid in ruin; the "chapel" that Smith describes elsewhere is the more venerable abbey church; the cattle still browse at the edge of the town, by the loch, and swans still glide over the surface of the water. Linlithgow has changed far less than most places in this age. Though the railway has supplanted the canal of Alexander Smith's time, it runs parallel with the town, rather than through it, and so is scarcely noticeable. The Gothic fountain that Smith loved is there still, with its mouths and faces and arabesques. And the spot still is pointed out where the Regent Murray was shot dead from his horse by a man whom he had wronged.

"The houses are old," Smith continues, "and remote dates may yet be deciphered on the stones above the doors; the apple trees are mossed and ancient; countless generations of sparrows have bred in the thatched roofs, and thereon have chirped out their lives. In every room of the place men have been born, men have died. On Dreamthorp centuries have fallen, and have left no more trace than have last winter's snowflakes."

Two or three houses of the seventeenth century stand today, preserved by the Scottish National Trust. But much that was good has vanished since Smith ruminated here. Until a decade ago, Linlithgow retained a unique medieval hall of the Templars, with a hammerbeam roof; but that was demolished to make way for a prospective super-cinema—just before television deflated the film-bubble, so that only a hideous gap in the row of old houses marks the Templars' land now. The little burgh does retain a very fine eighteenth-century town hall, but the city fathers would like to ding down its handsome columns and erect a modern dance-hall in its place.

For all that, Linlithgow, with its snug inn and the fields just beyond the back gardens, remains a place to stroll and meditate in. It has not been industrialized, though it lies along the railway line between Glasgow and Edinburgh; and the blight of ugly state-built "council houses" that afflicts every Scottish and English town or village is less conspicuous here, the population not having swollen much since Smith's brief hour—nor, for that matter, since in the Palace, "as old ballads tell, a queen sat once, day after day, looking southward for the light of returning spears."

It is no fault of the modern inhabitants of Linlithgow that something of Dreamthorp still may be recognized. "The people of Linlithgow," George Scott Moncrieff writes in his *Lowlands of Scotland,* "have no cause for pride in their town, rather for shame in what they and their recent forebears have done to it. When, lately, one of the demolitions justified itself by opening out a view of the Palace, a gas-machine was hastily put up to intercept it and any possible accusation of good taste that might have been made against the City Fathers. . . . The main street of Linlithgow is now a drain leading to Edinburgh, and the life of the town has sped along it."

Staid and Dull?

Giddy people, Smith remarked, might think he would live in Dreamthorp a staid and dull life; but no such thing. "I like the pictures I see, and think them better painted, too, than those which adorn the walls of the Royal Academy; and the village gossip is more after my turn of mind than the scandals that convulse the clubs. . . . I find everything here that other men find in the big world. London is but a magnified Dreamthorp."

Amen to that. But as the bulldozers of our tasteless era sweep away every venerable corner, we may have no Linlithgows to set us musing. And as a shabby schooling for mediocrity atrophies the imagination of our rising generation, we may be unable to see our Dreamthorps even in the poet's eye.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Man of Character

JAMES BURNHAM

Amateurs have always figured in the American system of government. In contrast to the practice of all other nations, most posts in the Cabinet, the top level of the administrative hierarchy, and particularly the most important (State, Treasury, War-Navy-Defense), have gone to non-professionals: to men who have been neither elective politicians nor bureaucrats. Our ambassadors also, the chiefs of our foreign diplomatic establishment, have in the past been mostly, and are still in some measure, appointed from outside the professional lists.

In spite of the growth and solidification of the permanent Civil Service, with its inevitable imperial drive toward absorption of the entire governmental structure, thousands of the higher ("policy-making") offices have escaped its clutches. Though most of these are allotted to faithful politicians or to bureaucrats at hand, a good many still go, as a higher percentage went in the past, to businessmen, lawyers, engineers, bankers and trade-unionists.

It is war, for which the governmental apparatus is deficient in both numbers and skills, that brings a massive influx of the amateurs. But at the end of a war the government never sinks back to its prewar dimensions. Some of the amateurs stay on, joining the bureaucratic staff. Others become part of a standby, semi-pro reserve, from which they are periodically called for special assignments.

Men and Decisions, by Lewis L. Strauss. Doubleday, $6.95

This role of amateurs and semi-pros is an integral part, and a distinctive part, of the American *system* of government, or at any rate has been up to now. Though the same sort of thing occurs in other systems, it has nowhere else the same scale or importance. The American practice has been much criticized, most sharply by the ideologists of the bureaucracy, beginning with the nineteenth-century Civil Service reformers. And it is true that the amateurs are assigned their posts, very often, on the basis of party contributions or connections, rather than of appropriate abilities; that their inexperience in the mazy paths of politics, government and diplomacy does often lead to goofs and gaffes. But in spite of such inescapable liabilities, this feature of the American system is a source of national strength and vitality, and a bulwark of liberty. It enables the government to make public use of private talents without taking them wholly over and thus stultifying them. It infuses the apparatus with the fresh ideas, feelings and interests that flourish more vigorously on private than on governmental soil. And it counters the inexorable tendency of the governmental bureaucracy to remove itself from the governed and to crystallize as a mandarin caste.

Lewis Strauss: ". . . *reasoned public duty, with dignity and honor.*"

The traditional practice is to be seen functioning at its best in the public life of Lewis Strauss, which is the subject of his straightforward, readable and manly book, *Men and Decisions*. Mr. Strauss has not written an autobiography in a personal sense. The personal "subjective" content is cut down to the bare minimum required to make the public story intelligible. This minimum properly, and fortunately, includes some account of his years and doings as an employee, then partner, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., both because the affairs of Kuhn, Loeb are themselves charged with public interest, and because the money made as a Kuhn, Loeb partner was the material condition for Mr. Strauss' freedom to serve the nation with the integrity and independence of mind that he always and so notably exhibited.

MR. STRAUSS' public activities began in February 1917, when, at the age of twenty-two, having saved $20,000 from his earnings as a shoe salesman, he offered his services, without pay, as secretary to Herbert Hoover, then about to begin his multitudinous operations as wartime Food Administrator. His World War II work was in the Navy, much of it connected with the Bureau of Ordnance and the establishment of the government's foremost research agency, the Office of Naval Research. He left the Navy at the end of the war with the rank of Admiral, and in 1947 was named by President Truman a charter commissioner of the Atomic Energy Commission. After a brief recess, he was appointed AEC Chairman by President Eisenhower. In these AEC years he was a principal in a series of critical actions: initiating the world-wide detection system (he pledged a million dollars of his own to get it started faster than the bureaucratic process allowed); mak-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the hydrogen bomb, counter to the recommendation of the General Advisory Committee, headed by J. Robert Oppenheimer; suspending, reviewing and cancelling Oppenheimer's security clearance; promoting non-governmental atomic power projects; launching the Atoms for Peace program. On June 19, 1959 the Senate ended his governmental, though not his public, career by voting 49-46 against confirmation of his nomination as Secretary of Commerce. Each of these matters is dealt with clearly, informatively and fairly in a separate chapter of this book.

THE nineteenth-century British philosopher, F. H. Bradley, wrote a once famous and debated essay called *My Station and Its Duties*. In it he argued that by intuition and common sense each man may derive the rules of moral conduct—his duty, in other words—from a consideration of the "station" in which he finds himself. A father knows that he must feed, nourish and nurture his offspring; a soldier, that he must obey his commander, and risk his life, if need be, to defend his country; a merchant, that he must offer his goods honestly, and stand by his contracted word. I thought of this old-fashioned essay, reading Lewis Strauss' book, for it seems to express his outlook or, more exactly, his mode of conduct. Lewis Strauss found himself to be an American ("My parents taught me that the right to live in the social order established by the Founding Fathers is so priceless a privilege that no sacrifice to preserve it is too great."); a Jew; and possessor of aptitudes that, in the America of his life span, virtually fated him to make a good deal of money rather easily. It is in terms of this triple "station" that he has lived his public life and done his duty: as a loyal, clear-sighted patriot; as a man of deep, though humane and non-divisive faith; as an honorable and creative businessman. And Lewis Strauss has managed to combine all three of these phases, which in many men are often in conflict with each other, into a reasoned harmony. Lewis Strauss belongs to a species become nearly as rare as whooping cranes in our other-directed century: the man of character.

Perhaps Stoicism—the Stoicism of *Ecclesiastes* as well as of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius—is a better reference than Bradley's objective idealism. For Lewis Strauss in many ways resembles those Roman senators and knights who, under the bureaucratized, corrupt and disintegrating Empire, did their reasoned public duty, with dignity and honor, despite the howling of the mob, the treachery of the demagogues and the Emperor's ingratitude.

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Like many of the old classics, D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* hasn't been seen in its entirety in several decades. (*A Fool There Was,* with Theda Bara, has been missing a reel since its original release and no one has minded.) Three prints exist of *Birth of a Nation,* each incomplete, and the Hollywood Motion Picture and Television Museum has set about restoring the antique to something like its original footage, to be distributed by Consolidated Film Industries. . . . Meanwhile, the embarrassing old piece of tushery has been banned in Atlanta and The Invisible Empire has taken to showing it, presumably projected onto a bedsheet, on Stone Mountain, their grove in a high place. . . . Dr. Charlie Chaplin, whose films are too costly (*Variety* reports) for the Red countries to buy, announces that he has two movies in the making. One is a slapstick comedy set at sea; the other, a parody of the current, solemn epics. He has also nearly completed his autobiography; the English publishing rights have brought $250,000, and Simon and Schuster will do the honors here. . . . Buster Keaton's *The General,* in its new sound version, is the rage of Paris, and all things come in cycles. . . . Celluloid is still the stuff of the improbable, and now you can see Jack Gelber's *The Connection* in its movie version, dialogue completely intact. . . . Or, should you be inclined, you can leave the country and see the government's latest propaganda film (never to be shown on these shores, by congressional order), depicting happy Negro life in the Republic.

● INCIDENTAL: Halloween rubber masks of John F. Kennedy are said to be selling like hot cakes at Hyannisport—but who has that much hair? . . . Walt Kelly's Khrushchev pig and Castro goat have run into flack before. Now the *Vancouver Sun* has banned them from the funnies, as being in bad taste.

● BOOKS: Grove has brought out again one of the more fetching books of the press' early days, Amos Tutuola's *The Palm-wine Drinkard and His Dead Palm-wine Tapster in the Dead's Town* ($1.45). Tutuola, a government clerk very like Joyce Cary's Mister Johnson, wrote the "novel" without ever having seen one, and the text is *ad verbum* and one of the happiest messes to be seen anywhere. . . . Duke University Press has brought out Marvin Kenneth Singleton's *H. L. Mencken and the "American Mercury" Adventure,* a study of the arsenic review's first decade.

● TROUBLE: The Library of Congress is throwing a Poetry Festival in October. Honoring "Fifty Years of American Poetry," its purpose is to stage a birthday party for *Poetry,* founded by Harriet Monroe in 1912; but someone will have to face the fact that the two greatest American poets, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, are in exile, self-predilected. That leaves a few old pros around to attend the festivities, and we wish them luck with such young poets as they can catch and urge into clean clothes. The fun is to take place in Coolidge Auditorium, October 22-24.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

The Coagulation of Herman Wouk

MURRAY KEMPTON

"Compared with the labor of reading through these volumes, all other labor, the labor of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of Negroes in sugar plantations, is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war in Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went to the oars."

—Macaulay on Nares' *Burleigh*

AND just what, if Wouk is a portent, must a previously merciful God now plan for the best-seller? Up to now, whatever its deficiencies of taste and sense, it has always and at least been readable. It moved and the reader moved with it, its motion compensating for the meanness of the landscape. Up to now, the authors of transient best-sellers have had a kind of quality in their defects: Ayn Rand's very effrontery compels; and Mr. Wouk's prior banalities have always had, for me, at least, a genuine narcotic effect. To close *Marjorie Morningstar* tight at page 117 took an effort of the will like pulling the body from one of those morning semi-sleeps, which are as uncomfortable to depart as they are shameful to continue. Works of this sort may waste time but at least they pass it.

Youngblood Hawke, by Herman Wouk. Doubleday, $7.95

But now the engine has stopped, and the passengers still climb aboard and take their seats and think to complain no more than they would on the New Haven, when the timetable says 7:20 and it is already 8:10 and nothing moves. Most of us were born into an America where trains ran and best-sellers read; can all the small, predictable things in life have departed so quickly, unnoticed and unprotested?

Youngblood Hawke's progress up the ladder of best-sellers is as swift as its narrative is gelatinous. Now, vulgar and insensitive works have sold enormously before; but never has a mind as trivial as Wouk's produced a success in a style quite this tedious. Still Wouk is, I feel sure, read, not being one of those writers who are bought for display. Yet this one is as hard going as *Rasselas*, without the salvation of majesty, and as vulgar as *Forever Amber*, without the excuse of sincerity. We have made a science of distributing the inedible and the undrinkable; with Wouk we have now arrived at the mass dissemination of the unreadable. Henceforth a writer needs only a license and a sales organization.

The distributor usually ends by effecting a divorce from his product. This alienation is particularly marked in Wouk's case, since Youngblood Hawke, his protagonist, is a novelist and Wouk starts with the advantage of writing about his own trade. He seems knowledgeable enough about tax-credit devices, and the construction of shopping centers, and the pitfalls and the gins of publishers' contracts. He can describe bankers and Hollywood agents and wives of publishers and the lady admirers of successful novelists; and, if the results are not interesting, they are at least credible. But no reader who can type could believe in his novelist. Wouk is like some great commercial bakery whose managers know advertising, distribution, customer relations, labor relations, shipping charges, market analysis, everything in fact but the proper operation of their ovens.

He understands the essential problem an ordinary novelist faces when he attempts the presentation of one he certifies as extraordinary. The most careful moments in an otherwise slovenly performance are Wouk's conscious efforts to meet this problem by avoiding it; there is nowhere quoted any but the barest tags from Hawke's published works. We get instead Hawke's letters, his conversation, and his interior reverie. They are quite enough to give the game away, of course, as any professional ought to have known.

"He had possessed his heart's desire, he had tasted ashes, and it was over." Such is Hawke's sensibility.

". . . the twinkling jewels, the supercilious looks of the young beauties and the strained haughty smiles of the older women, the strutting men in evening clothes with eye a-roll for pretty girls or for men better known or richer than themselves—once such pictures had been exciting and rich to him." That is Hawke's eye.

"That angle on the far-high clock —the long hand a little past the hour, the short hand pointed at five—had come to spell for him the sweet magic of promised sex." That is Hawke's tone.

There are sentences which can be taken out of the whole body of a man's work and stand for it all. Kate, at the end of *The Wings of the Dove:* "We shall never be again as we were"; Quentin panting in the cold air, the iron New England dark, in *Absalom, Absalom.* As the one sentence is Jamesian and the other Faulknerian, "the sweet magic of promised sex" is quintessentially Woukian, the imagery of the schoolgirl who has grown up to marry a man who can pay her psychiatrist.

Wouk, in this unchanging key, brings Arthur Hawke to New York, falls him in love with an older woman from the great world (her position as the ultimate fantasy figure is defined in the moment when she gets seven house seats for a performance of *South Pacific* on less than six hours' notice), gives him a success, breaks him on taxes, kills him with an early disease. This, in the rough, sounds like Thomas Wolfe. But then Hawke writes Woukian novels, undervalued by the critics, who are mainly pederasts, but cherished by ordinary, virtuous heterosexual persons. (In Wouk, the fruits of heterosexuality are unevenly distributed; the virtuous female heterosexual finds the business messy, as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well she might, because the virtuous male heterosexuals seem to rut like goats.) After he dies, the opinion that Hawke is the great American writer arises in Europe before it is accepted in the United States.

Wouk then, in middle age, martini in hand, yomulka on head, has composed his own Lycidas, betrayed, as better elegiasts than he have been, by the excess of personal self-pity over feeling for the departed. This, then, may be a book about Wouk. The letters its author quotes from Youngblood Hawke could have been written by no one who could diagram a sentence; but the letters to Youngblood Hawke from his admirers that its author quotes are so painfully authentic that they could only have been lifted from Wouk's file of letters from the sort of readers who appreciate Herman Wouk. Still, there is one area of doubt: Hawke is in love with his editor; these pages offer no evidence that Wouk has an editor.

Perhaps Youngblood Hawke is no one. Wouk seems to have come to dislike novelists. This distaste for their original function tends to happen with men whose main energies are now directed to crating the stuff up for shipment. The novelist is no more to Wouk's taste than beer could be to the palate of the manager of a Newark brewery. The way to express your hatred for beer is to render it undrinkable; the way to express your hatred for the novelist is to deny him poetry and dignity, in other words, so to describe him as to deny his very existence.

But then Mr. Wouk rather dislikes everyone. He hates publishers and critics and gossip columnists and persons who are snubbed by the aristocracy of Venice, congressional investigators *and* the people they investigate. It is a sort of tepid, sodden dislike unrelieved by passion or wit. He brings some passion to his hatred of homosexuals and thus, by extension, women.

One moderately sympathetic character—or at least one of the few consistently to recognize Hawke's true stature—is a Hollywood agent. For, most of all, Wouk hates refinement of taste; he can function now only by believing that Hollywood agents know better than critics. At one point a movie producer offers a criticism of Hawke's work that bears straight on Wouk's own:

"The story lacks *curves*. It says people care mainly about money, and that is not true, that is neither entertaining nor attractive and very banal."

Hawke says afterwards: "But he was talking nonsense." Wouk thinks so too; he puts these perceptive remarks in the mouth of a man accepted by all witnesses as an unspeakable Philistine. Wouk then must have some peculiar dedication somewhere; no man who could write 793 pages and so precisely miss the point when it is made just once in three lines could be said entirely to lack a sense of artistic control and purpose.

Is Marxism Irrelevant?

STEFAN T. POSSONY

THESE BOOKS, which can be usefully read together, are two important additions to the library on Communism. Daniels, who has an excellent command of the sources, describes the main fights within the Communist Party up to approximately 1930, with a short survey of the purges during the mid-thirties; he also deals briefly with Khrushchev's speech of February 1956. He does not come up with any startling new discoveries, but he is readable and instructive, and displays good sense about some of the unsolved Party mysteries, such as the question of whether in 1918 Lenin really had no choice but surrender to the Germans. Daniels' "political classification" by means of geometry shows, not so surprisingly, that if the sweep from extreme Right to extreme Left were depicted by a circle, Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany were very close to one another. They might have been 330 degrees apart, but if we move counter-clockwise, their distance was merely 30 degrees. I am not sure that the author really explains why the opposition within the Communist Party failed, but I agree when he says that "the revolution was corroded from within by the methods adopted in pursuit of the goal. . . . It was the destiny of Communism for the means to displace the ends and become ends in themselves." According to him, the historical and material conditions of Russia made "the goals of socialism chimerical." Undoubtedly. The more important point is, however, that socialism is chimerical under *all* conditions.

The Conscience of the Revolution: Communist Opposition in Soviet Russia, by Robert Vincent Daniels. Harvard, $10.00

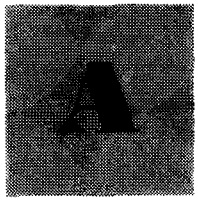
The Unfinished Revolution: An Essay on the Sources of Influence of Marxism and Communism, by Adam B. Ulam. Random House, $5.00

Ulam's book is highly sophisticated and erudite. Logically, Marxism and Communism make no sense. In the light of Soviet realities, Communism should be repellent. Nevertheless, Marxism continues to prove attractive, especially in the underdeveloped world. Why is this so?

The Communist ideology, which is not persuasive to Westerners living in industrial countries, "appears to a reflecting Asian or African as a sensible and natural description of the world and history." It is "a convincing demonology of the forces of the modern world." It allegedly aims at "full emancipation from the evils of the present" through industrialization and technology, and promises "harmony and welfare far beyond the dreams of a pre-industrial past." By contrast, "our own ideology, the product of a long industrial de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q How many **CONSERVATIVES** will graduate from college this year?



That depends on YOU!

Is the answer correct? Yes—to a very large extent. For while it is true that conservatives are making an amazing campus revival, it remains a fact that the dominant influence in today's academic life is still Liberal. Students know this—and parents worry about it. That, we feel certain, is why so many students will want to take advantage of NATIONAL REVIEW's Academic Year Offer, and why so many relatives and friends have sent NATIONAL REVIEW to students. They know that only the well-informed and prepared student can maintain the all-important balanced view—and that NATIONAL REVIEW is an invaluable aid to students both in and out of the classroom.

Any student is eligible to receive NATIONAL REVIEW for the entire Academic Year—from September to June—for only $3.89. Parents and friends of students can give subscriptions to students at the same low rate!*

Please Hurry: If you order now, you will be sure to get every issue in the coming academic year!

If you are a student, don't pass up this opportunity to have NATIONAL REVIEW for a full 10 months at this special low price (only about 10¢ a week!). If you know students who should be reading the magazine, send it to them. But don't delay: subscriptions received now will be sure to receive EVERY ISSUE of the coming academic year. Just fill out and mail the post-paid card facing this page—TODAY.

What to do if you don't yet know your college address . . .

Send in the order card anyway—now. On the line marked "College," just print "Will supply later." List your present address (for filing and reference). Then, when you send us the college address, your subscription will be ready for immediate processing, so that you won't miss a single issue of the Academic Year. So act now, to be sure to have your order in before the deadline.

* *You may not personally know students who need NATIONAL REVIEW—but we do. NATIONAL REVIEW has a list of students who simply cannot afford to subscribe. Won't you make it possible for one or more of them to receive it this year? If you wish, we will send a handsome gift card in your name. Then we will bill you later at the special $3.89 rate.*

USE THE HANDY ORDER CARD FACING THIS PAGE—DROP IT IN THE MAIL TODAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

velopment and a consequent democratic habituation, appears . . . as something infinitely more complicated." Dr. Ulam argues this thesis with considerable skill and in the process provides a stimulating and surprisingly original interpretation of Marx. But, "Marxism in power," he says, "is the exact opposite of Marxism in revolution." After showing its aptitude as a technique of revolution, Russian Marxism became a "technique of industrialization and modernization." "The meaning of Stalinism is the triumph of the logic of Marxism over its revolutionary spirit: the creation of a powerful state and an industrial and scientifically minded society."

WHAT, however, is the proof that the Soviet system is inculcating in Russia "the attitudes and aspirations of a middle-class society" and "the bourgeois values of the nineteenth-century West"? So far, unfortunately, there are few signs that the middle class is supplanting the militant class. The author himself, as a matter of fact, verifies this point when he says that though Marxism "has concluded its main work in Russia," the Soviet system remains totalitarian. "There is no better method for ideology to preserve its internal function of solidifying and justifying popular support . . . than by demonstrating Communism capable of success and expansion abroad." Hence "the erosion of ideology under the impact of industrialization may lead Soviet totalitarianism to a more aggressive foreign behavior than would otherwise be the case." "The Russian leaders act under an ideological compulsion which . . . will not allow them to leave the world in peace and let the social forces at home encroach upon their totalitarianism."

Yet despite this compulsion, Dr. Ulam asserts that "there is not the slightest evidence of a desire to precipitate an actual world conflict." According to him, the Communist leaders "shrink from all-out war." But how can they then expand continuously?

The struggle between Communism and "liberalism," according to Dr. Ulam, "consists not in a competition of ideas," but is "rather a struggle of techniques of development, of social and economic statesmanship on a world scale." The development of Asian, African and Latin American countries should be pushed forward, so that they pass rapidly through the phase of industrialization when Marx's ideology is particularly plausible. This may excite the academic mind which loves to see the underdeveloped world becoming the main theater of the struggle. But can this presumed "Marxist phase" of development be passed in less than thirty —or a hundred and thirty—years? Where are the resources to accelerate the "development" of a billion or more people? How plausible is it that this particular sub-conflict can be won merely by socio-economic institutional progress and the patient forming of democratic habits? How does the West defend itself while the underdeveloped world passes through its "Marxist phases"? And is this phase really inevitable? The author sometimes forgets that he himself professes not to believe in determinism.

Dr. Ulam finds that Marxism, which provided the "ability to catalyze human energies for revolution and for industrialization," is no longer "relevant under Russian conditions." "It is not impossible" that the Soviet Union, in its attempt to reach and overcome the West in material culture, "will discover that in the process it has left Marxism behind." Marxism or Leninism always was meaningless to the Russian masses. Still, it remains the political formula of the Soviet ruling class. Consequently, the Soviet Union "can leave Marxism behind"—what a wonderful Social Democratic formula!—only if and when this ruling class is eliminated, or if and when it changes its own political formula. This latter unlikely contingency, I presume, is the author's hope—despite Daniels' clear demonstration that "Communists with a conscience" have no chance to prevail.

Dr. Ulam has provided a stimulating historical analysis, but I am afraid that he has recoiled from thinking through the revolutionary dynamics, which pose the real threat to Western survival. He should have been mindful of the fact that, though ideologies can be rewritten by ink, the political formulas of states usually are changed by blood.

The Passing Scene

Congratulations, Françoise

W. H. VON DREELE

Françoise Sagan has just had her first child. It seems only yesterday that this young, talented Frenchwoman gave us her sensational Bonjour, Tristesse *and, in a more minor key,* Aimez-Vous Brahms. *Remember how hard it was to reconcile the novels' worldly wisdom with Miss Sagan's extreme youth? But then, the French are a marvelous race, are they not? Who but a Frenchwoman could have known so much, so soon? Things such as . . .*

A STRANGE melancholy pervades me to which I hesitate to give the grave and beautiful name of *weltschmerz*. Since I am French, the idea of *weltschmerz* has always appealed to me, but now I shrink from its connotations of complete egoism. I have known boredom, regret and occasionally, dyspepsia; but never *weltschmerz*. Yet today it envelops me like a silken web, enervating and soft, and sets me apart from everybody else.

That summer I was twelve and perfectly happy. In those days, "everybody else" was my mother and her lover, Wolfgang. My mother was *d'un certain âge*, as we say in French, and had been a widow for twenty years. When I flunked out of the nunnery and came to live with her, I soon realized she was living with a man. This did not disturb me: I had long ago discarded the petty ways of bourgeois morality. (*"Alors!"* I would say, with a subtle lifting of my left shoulder.) But I was slower to realize that her fancy in men tended to change every five months. However, *peu à peu*, her charm, my new life and my own precocious disposition led me to fall in gradually with her comfortable ways.

That summer my mother had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rented a large purple villa on the Mediterranean. We spent hours on the beach giving ourselves up to the hot sun, slowly taking on a healthy, golden tan. All, that is, except Wolfgang, who freckled and peeled and suffered considerable agony. My mother performed all sorts of intricate exercises to fight a rounding tummy unsuitable for a vintage *femme fatale*. I lay stretched out on the sand, letting handfuls run through my strong, young hands. I told myself it ran out like time.

ON THE SIXTH day I saw Hercule for the first time. He was hugging the coast in his small sailboat, and capsized in front of our cove. I had an amusing time helping him recover his bikini, during which he told me his name, that he was studying Egyptology at the Sorbonne, and lived with his father in a neighboring villa. Usually I avoid college boys, whom I consider silly, wrapped up in their youth in which they find material for drama or an excuse for their own boredom. I much preferred my mother's friends—men of fifty or so—who spoke to me with a certain *je ne sais quoi*. But Hercule was different . . .

I pressed my arms around him with an interesting little grunt. At that moment I loved him. But for how long? As his lips touched mine, we both began to tremble with pleasure; our kiss was untinged by shame or regret; it was merely logical. We were completely French.

"I must see you again," I said.

"Evidently," he replied.

After dinner that evening we stretched out in chairs on the terrace as usual. Suddenly, my mother belched apologetically and sat up.

"Someone is coming to stay with us," she announced.

I shut my eyes in disappointment. On the terrace the crickets were chirping, drunk with heat and moonlight. I had been told they made the sound by rubbing their legs together but I preferred to believe that it came from the throat, guttural, instinctive, like the howls of cats in heat.

"May one ask who it is?" I could sense that Wolfgang, his blistered face suddenly drained of blood, suspected.

"Charles de Gaulle," my mother said, giving me a deep look.

But by then I knew. It was almost five months since Wolfgang had

"A great book...Few Americans have served their country in such varied positions as Lewis Strauss...With insight, humor and faith in American principles, he has written of persons and events [and] many incidents of hitherto undisclosed history."

HERBERT HOOVER

MEN AND DECISIONS

by LEWIS L. STRAUSS

Lewis L. Strauss is among that rare, indispensable handful of men who, by virtue of talent, dedication, and timing, become makers of decisions – and of history. He has served during five presidential administrations, from World War I to the present Cold War.

Now Admiral Strauss lifts the curtain on decades of decision-makers at work. His long career in public service, and his determination to speak out frankly about many of the great events of our time, make MEN AND DECISIONS a new page in living history. Here are facts, including some never before revealed, on:

"DIXON-YATES" • THE OPPENHEIMER CLEARANCE CONTROVERSY • THE AUTHOR'S TRIP TO LONDON FOR THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE, WHEN HE LEARNED OF A SECRET PLAN TO PREVENT HITLER'S "FINAL SOLUTION TO THE JEWISH QUESTION" • THE DECISION TO CREATE THE H-BOMB • A PREVIOUSLY UNREVEALED ATOM PACT BETWEEN FDR AND CHURCHILL • THE DECISION TO PRESS FOR A NUCLEAR DETECTION SYSTEM • WHY THE SENATE REFUSED TO CONSENT TO HIS CABINET APPOINTMENT • AND OTHER TOP-LEVEL STORIES.

Every page, every incident, of MEN AND DECISIONS explodes with power and conviction. MEN AND DECISIONS is a gripping and controversial document of major historical importance – and a book that makes a vital contribution to our understanding of turbulent eras.

Many photographs, $6.95
at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

joined our little family. Alas, his cycle had ended. Now I could recall my mother's recent little fits of irritation, her shouting, her occasional outbursts, such as "*Zut alors! Wolfgang's* forgotten his Sea and Ski again!" Mentally, I shrugged my shoulders. As Racine, or Molière, or one of those great architects of French civilization, I can't remember which, once said: *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

McGUFFEY'S READERS

After a long and costly search, reprints of the original 1879 revised editions of the famous McGuffey's Readers have been completed and you can now purchase exact copies at the following low prices POSTPAID:

1st Reader	$2.50	4th Reader	$3.50
2nd Reader	$2.75	5th Reader	$3.75
3rd Reader	$3.25	6th Reader	$4.25

OLD AUTHORS, Dept. NA-8, Rowan, Iowa

Change of Address

Please give at least three weeks' notice. Include both old and new addresses, with zone numbers. Notify: Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.

BOOKS LOCATED

You Name It! We Find It!

BOOK MARK

89Y Macomb Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Free to WRITERS

seeking a book publisher

Two illustrated brochures reveal how we can publish, promote and sell your book; tips to writers; facts and figures on how we published over 3000 authors. All types of books wanted. Write Dept. NXR8

Exposition Press, 386 Park Ave. S., N.Y. 16

ANY BOOK

No matter how old or how long out-of-print located by expert staff. "Name the book—we'll find it." Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, subjects. Free search—courteous service—no obligation.

BOOKS-ON-FILE, Dept. NAT
Union City, New Jersey

ANY BOOK reviewed in this Book Section—or any other current book—is yours for no more than the bookstore price. We pay all postage and handling charges. Worldwide service, catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER, INC.
Box 101—Murray Hill Station
New York 16, New York

The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail representing all U.S. publishers

BOOKS IN BRIEF

O'NEILL, by Arthur and Barbara Gelb (Harper, $12.50). This 970-page biography is one of the most detailed studies ever given an American author, and one of the few eminently readable, balanced biographical and critical studies of any author. O'Neill's plays and his life are as intimate as lightning and thunder, action and reaction. The plays are now emerging into that necessary second life (those that can weather resurrection) which a work of art enters when it has real strength and universal interest. O'Neill wrote with energy alone, for the most part, counting on sheer kinetics to sustain meaning and impact. Why this was so becomes clear as we look at his life: as Greek a curse as Euripides ever conceived was upon it, an onslaught of the Furies. The authors trace the conception, writing, and staging of each play as they chronicle the events of a fiercely energetic life. Their biography is so detailed that one can recommend the book also as a fine record of O'Neill's world and as a theatrical history of his time. A major study in American literature and certainly the definitive biography of O'Neill. G. DAVENPORT

STARTING FROM SAN FRANCISCO, by Lawrence Ferlinghetti (New Directions, $2.95). The Beats made a great mistake in permitting a label to be glued on them, especially after they started believing what it said. Every moment Ferlinghetti expends on the hairs of Fidel's "beat beard" is snatched from the service of an underdeveloped gift. He is, or could be, a *comic* writer with a curiously neutral idiom, whose ability to pass through translation doubtless helps explain why he is "being published in England, France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Japan, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Argentina, Peru, Chile and Puerto Rico." On the predictable themes —Castro, Euphoria, Pot dreams, Journeys across the continent, Nausea, Negative sanctity — "i,m afraid / i don't want to die"—he is portentously dull. But no stereotyped Beat has the wit for "The Great Chinese Dragon," exalting it into the type of the orgiastic apocalypse, but not failing to note that the feet walking beneath it wear Keds. Nor does one's sharp dissent from the politics of hysteria diminish the wit of "Tentative Description of a Dinner to Promote the Impeachment of President Eisenhower," nor one's preconception of propriety damage the 98 lines which take for their subject "Underwear" and stick to that subject:

> Did you every try to get around a girdle?
> Perhaps Non-Violent Action is the only answer.
> Did Gandhi wear a girdle?
> Did Lady Macbeth wear a girdle?
> Was that why Macbeth murdered sleep?

H. KENNER

DEARLY BELOVED, *A Theme and Variations,* by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, $3.95). Anne Morrow Lindbergh develops her "theme and variations" on marriage with Mozartian delicacy and strength. The words of the marriage service evoke memories and stabs of meaning in the members of the wedding. Don, the psychiatrist and marriage counselor (his wife is . . . frigid), thinks: "The French were right about it: separate love and marriage." Pierre, radiantly absorbed in thoughts of his absent wife, startles his nephew, André: "But what the devil was he so happy about—Uncle Pierre? What was there in this occasion to make him so happy? What could there be in life to make anyone so happy?" Theodore, the grandfather of the bride—whose communication with his Suzannah had skimmed over the heads of their children at the breakfast table—ponders the nature of his own great love (to really *care*) and the deep, the sacramental meaning of marriage. From the glory of Theodore's marriage (with all its complexities, its uneven passages), through the solid, the humdrum, the drab, the downright bad, Mrs. Lindbergh in her "reflections in a fictional framework" is saying—even for those who cannot comprehend the sacrament—marriage *matters.* E. MERRITT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor

Supreme Court* v. *Prayer

It seems that the Milwaukee judge who recently upheld the right of a union to fine its members because of absence due to church attendance, would now make a good candidate for the U.S. Supreme Court.

Mount Vernon, N.Y. LAWRENCE C. AITKEN

How, in the name of Earl Warren, can a *state* law, permitting a *non-sectarian* prayer on a *voluntary* basis, be construed as a *non-voluntary* imposition of a *specific,* sectarian religion by *Congress* ("Congress shall pass no law . . . ")? May we conclude on the basis of this decision that a vigorously democratic majority of the Supreme Court justices are barmy?

Buffalo, N.Y. HAROLD D. REED

Wasn't the "School Prayer" *composed by government officials* in the New York Board of Regents, a governmental agency created by the New York State Constitution, and *prescribed by law* to be said at the start of the day? (In no way does the decision say that a teacher can not offer her own prayer, a silent prayer, or ask her pupils to say their own prayer.) I can not see how this is "preventing the American people from the normal expression of their religious faith," but I feel it is preventing the government from furthering religious beliefs, whether non-denominational or not. . . .

New York City H. H. HAMMER

The Supreme Court's "Freedom From Religion" decision is among the many of its more recent decisions tending to divide and confuse Americans and to create more issues than they clarify. The continuance of such divisiveness and confusion must necessarily result in the complete erosion of the American heritages which made this nation, at one time, the envy of the world.

The Supreme Court has placed its exercise of judicial power in jeopardy and it behooves Congress to contemplate the wisdom of a Constitutional amendment which would deny to that Court the judicial power to adjudicate with respect to Constitutional questions.

The Swiss Constitution, which is patterned after the U.S. Constitution, does not permit its high court to determine Constitutional questions, with apparent notable success, inasmuch as the Swiss people appear to be united and it does not appear that there exists any threat to the Swiss Government or to the freedoms of the Swiss people.

E. F. W. WILDERMUTH

Jamaica Estates, N.Y.

I think you will agree that the recent religious decision by our dishonorable Supreme Court is a mockery of the very soul of the law of this once-great nation. But I wonder if you still think that we are lunatics who have been trying for so long to have Earl Warren and others of this foolish Court impeached. If you do, then it becomes with each day more obvious that the lunatics as well as the so-clever, hairsplitting academics of this country are going to be buried in the same tomb.

Spokane, Wash. JIM OLSEN

Now, who says prayers should be proscribed by the government. In all the ruckus, NATIONAL REVIEW has only raised a cloud of dust about the meaning of the Supreme Court decision. What we want is the freedom to pray. This right has only been strengthened by letting us pray the prayers of our own hearts in deference [*sic*] to going through the state ritual.

Ripon, Cal. MARLIN SCHILT

Salaami tactics? —ED.

So the Supreme Court has the audacity to declare "G-d" unconstitutional. They say that we no longer have the right to teach G-d to our children in the public schools. I could understand a decision to refrain from preaching any specific religion; but to bar our Creator from our schools, by saying that our children can no longer pray to Him, is one of the greatest acts of sacrilege. A continuance of this habit can only lead to atheism.

I have before me a card put out by an insurance company. It is entitled "You Can Help Combat Communism." The second paragraph states: "The Word of G-d is the weapon most feared by the Communists." I wonder if it is just a coincidence.

Brooklyn, N.Y. KENNETH F. KASOWITZ

Had the justices arrived at the opposite decision, of course, the Constitutional provision against the imposition of a state religion would have been preserved; but, in fact, ruling against the prayer did impose a real, if muddleheaded, religion: agnosticism. State agnosticism—the religion practiced by the ruling elite, who have all the answers except, maybe, one or two.

Cleveland, Ohio THOMAS MC NEIL

Amending the Constitution to exempt school prayer, as suggested in your July 17 editorial, "God Save This Honorable Court," has one very serious flaw. Exempting one school activity from Constitutional interpretation would, in effect, place all other educational matters within the scope of a Federal judiciary gone berserk. Also, amending the Constitution is a

Don't miss your boat!

. . . or your plane. Don't arrive to find your favorite hotel full. Travel the easy, modern way—have everything waiting for you—let Margaret Cone make all your reservations now. Whether you are on business or vacation, you should enjoy yourself. And you *will* if you contact

MARGARET CONE TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. R-1, 520 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N.Y.
Tel. OXford 7-0796

GOLDWATER '64

Colorpacked Stickers And Buttons now available. Do your part to help make America, Goldwater conscious. Bumper Stickers 3 for $1.00. Buttons 4 for $1.00. Don't delay, order now! Benedict E. Kedzuf, P. O. Box 10771, Pittsburgh 3, Pa.

PUBLISHERS
POST TYPOGRAPHERS, INC.
LINOTYPE COMPOSITION
For
BOOK PUBLISHERS
69 Connecticut Avenue
Norwalk, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

NATIONAL REVIEW ACCEPTS

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. NATIONAL REVIEW *reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason, and of course, will not knowingly accept an advertisement from any Communist, fascist, or racist advertiser. Readers should bear in mind, however, that it is impossible for* NATIONAL REVIEW *to investigate the subject-matter or sponsorship of every advertisement acceptable on its face. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words. If a box number is desired count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 25 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept.,* NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35 Street, New York 16, N. Y.*

LITERARY

LOCATE any book. Best prices. Aardvarks, Box 668-N, San Diego 12, California.

JFK COLORING BOOK. Hard-hitting satire on the New Frontier. A perfect gift for conservative friends. 1-24 send $1.90 ea. 25-50 $1.75 ea. Costin Specialties, 1737 N. Meridan, Indianapolis, Indiana.

WILL PAY $60 for Bound Volume No. 1 of National Review in good condition. Box 96, National Review.

PRESIDENTIAL SPOOF. A ridiculously funny political satire of a Kennedy Presidential Press Conference. A hi-fi, LP record. $2.00 each, postage, tax, included. ASK NOT RECORDS, 6110 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Cal.

BOOKS. We locate hard to find out-of-print books. If they're around, they can be found. No charge for searching. John Hall, 286 Mountain Ave., No. Caldwell, N.J.

KNOW ABOUT CANADA, the neighbor with immense and growing economic significance for Americans. Subscribe to CANADA MONTH, Canada's national news magazine. Libertarian editorial policy; covers all important Canadian events and issues. Outside Canada: one year $4.50; two years $7.00. CANADA MONTH, 2135 Bishop Street, Montreal 25, Canada.

JOBS AND JOB HUNTERS

CONSERVATIVELY-ORIENTED YOUNG MANAGEMENT of a Northern New Jersey motor-common carrier firm offers a most interesting and challenging part-time opportunity to a talented public and employee relations man. Send all details to Box 170, NR.

CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEE, ADMINISTRATOR under fire from left wing seeks challenging new position. Over-qualified for present job. Experience in education, sales promotion, public relations, advanced degree. For resume write Box 180, NR.

MANUFACTURERS, ENGINEERS & INVENTORS CONSULTANT for free lance drafting and design service. Write Box 168, NR.

PRESIDENT WANTED. New Junior College. Exceptional opportunity for qualified person. Nominal investment. Box 56, Crown Point, New York.

YOUNG CONSERVATIVE seeks career in Research Analysis. College Graduate. Geography major. Write Box 462, Detroit 32, Michigan.

TRAVEL

HEADLINES GETTING YOU DOWN? Refresh, relax at one of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes! Attractive cottages, excellent meals. American Plan. For information write: R. V. Peterson, Northern Pine Lodge, Box 391, Park Rapids, Minn.

INVESTMENTS

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300, Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

REAL ESTATE

TWO HUNDRED FEET OCEAN FRONTAGE AT MANALAPAN, FLORIDA. Zoned residential. Near country club. Equal frontage on inland waterway. Ideal for country house. Priced at $80,000, for quick sale to offset market losses. Write N. Weyl, Box 172, NR.

SEE OUR PINE & OAK COVERED MOUNTAINS with Lakes & Streams for capital gains and investment. Farmer Phil, Inc. Real Estate Counselor & Exchange, 5827 Folsom Blvd., Sacramento 19, Calif., GL 6-4755.

SPEAKERS

AVAILABLE FOR LIMITED SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS during the 1962 season: Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Frank S. Meyer, Wm. A. Rusher, Wm. F. Rickenbacker, Willmore Kendall, Brent Bozell, Russell Kirk, Ernest van den Haag, Garry Wills and Thomas Molnar. Write to M. Catherine Babcock, Inc., 528 Southside Road, Virginia Beach, Va. for details.

ORGANIZATIONAL

CONSERVATIVES! Help block leftist measures, and support sound ones, by sending skillfully-aimed and carefully-timed letters to key Congressmen, newspapers, etc. Join Public Action, Inc. — the fast-growing legislative service that keeps an eye on bills before the Congress and alerts conservatives when it's time to act. Just $2 a year will show you how to Get Results from your government. Send check or money order to Dept. N, Public Action, 131 East 69th St., New York 21, New York.

CANADIANS! CANADA needs a NATIONAL movement to realize conservative principles. INVESTIGATE this fast-growing action movement. For complete details regarding memberships, chapter charters, aims and program; write NATIONAL OFFICES, YOUNG CANADIANS FOR FREEDOM, Box 4002, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

TIME FLIES—November, 1964 BARRY GOLDWATER IS ELECTED PRESIDENT! Do your part —rubber stamp "Goldwater in '64" on your correspondence. Order your stamp TODAY! $1.00 each, 5 for $4.00. D. C. Lee, 54 Jarvis Circle, Needham, Mass.

GOLDWATER FOR '64 Bumper strips, 10 for $1.00, 1633 East Seneca, Tucson, Arizona.

TO LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT ALGERIA, subscribe to U.S./France Report, Room 1012, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y. $2 for 12 issues. Sample copy on request.

SAVE OUR NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY plans monthly bulletin exposing United Nations. Inquire P.O. Box 56, Upper Darby, Pa.

CONSERVATIVES! Get your "Goldwater for President Petitions" now. Start working. Write Dr. A. B. Strozier, Jr., 7338 McHenry, Houston 17, Texas.

FIGHT COMMUNISM—Brilliant 3-color bumper stickers, 4 for $1.00. P.O. Box 1186, New Rochelle, New York.

KENNEDY FOR KING, GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT, quality two-color bumper stickers and large 2¼" buttons. 50¢ each or 3 for $1.00. Bulk rates. Write Operation King John, W. 724-17th Avenue, Spokane 41, Washington.

FIGHTING COMMUNISM? Want concrete information for concerted action? Write P.O. Box 645, Summit, New Jersey.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED! Vito Batista nominated for State Senate as Regular Republican & United Taxpayers Party candidate. Call Dick Nygaard, UL 5-6597, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

105 DIVERSIFIED British Empire stamps 10¢. Approvals included. LINSTAMPS, St. Catharines 415, Ontario.

EPISCOPAL RECTOR interested in corresponding with Episcopalian NATIONAL REVIEW readers. Write Box 108, NR.

ANTI-COMMUNIST TRACTS. (1) "Why Are We Losing" (2) "Raising the Minimum Wage" (3) "Facsimile of Letter to Senator Goldwater" (4) "Review & Comment" (5) "Facsimile Letter to Congressman Judd." Above 15 for $1.00, 125 for $5.00. (6) "Two More Yaltas" (7) "Actions Speak Louder" (8) "Warning" (9) "Treachery." Above 10 for $1.00, 100 for $5.00. Public Opinion, Box 4044N, Long Island City, N. Y.

MAYFLOWER STAMP ALBUM 10¢. 407 illustrations, 64 pages. Approvals accompanying. NIAGARA STAMPS, St. Catharines 715, Ontario.

WORDS WE LIVE BY—Large, authentic, antiqued reproductions suitable for framing or study. Package contains Constitution—Bill of Rights—Declaration of Independence—Gettysburg Address. Send $1.00, Document Distributors, Box 4966, Washington 8, D.C.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experimental. Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Washington.

PHILATELIC JUNGLE 10¢. Fifteen zoological specimens. Approvals included. FREE watermark detector. CROWN STAMPS, Virgil 315, Ontario.

AT LAST! A clear, concise analysis of the U.N.'s aggression against Katanga. A new pamphlet, "PEACEMAKERS ON THE WARPATH," by Fred J. Eckert (foreword by Professor Anthony T. Bouscaren) lays bare the facts about the U.N.'s Hungary. Only 30¢ each, 10 for $2.50, 5 for $11.00, 100 for $20.00. Send coin or check to: American Affairs, P.O. Box 8434, Roselawn Station, Rochester, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long and difficult procedure, accomplishable only when the American people become simultaneously outraged. We are so accustomed to losing our freedoms, one by one, that the reaction to this latest judicial outrage has received the approval of many church bodies and individual churchmen, while the average American has shrugged his shoulders and inquired, "So what?"

The United States Constitution, however, provides a much simpler means of correction. Article III, Section 2 provides that " . . . the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction both as to law and to fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the Congress shall make." Therefore, Congress can, if pressed by a sufficient number of Christians, pass legislation to restrict the Court's appellate jurisdiction in this and other directions. As a matter of fact, Congress can under this provision remove all of the Court's appellate powers, if it so wishes. This could be accomplished in one session of Congress, while amending the Constitution would require a period of several years.

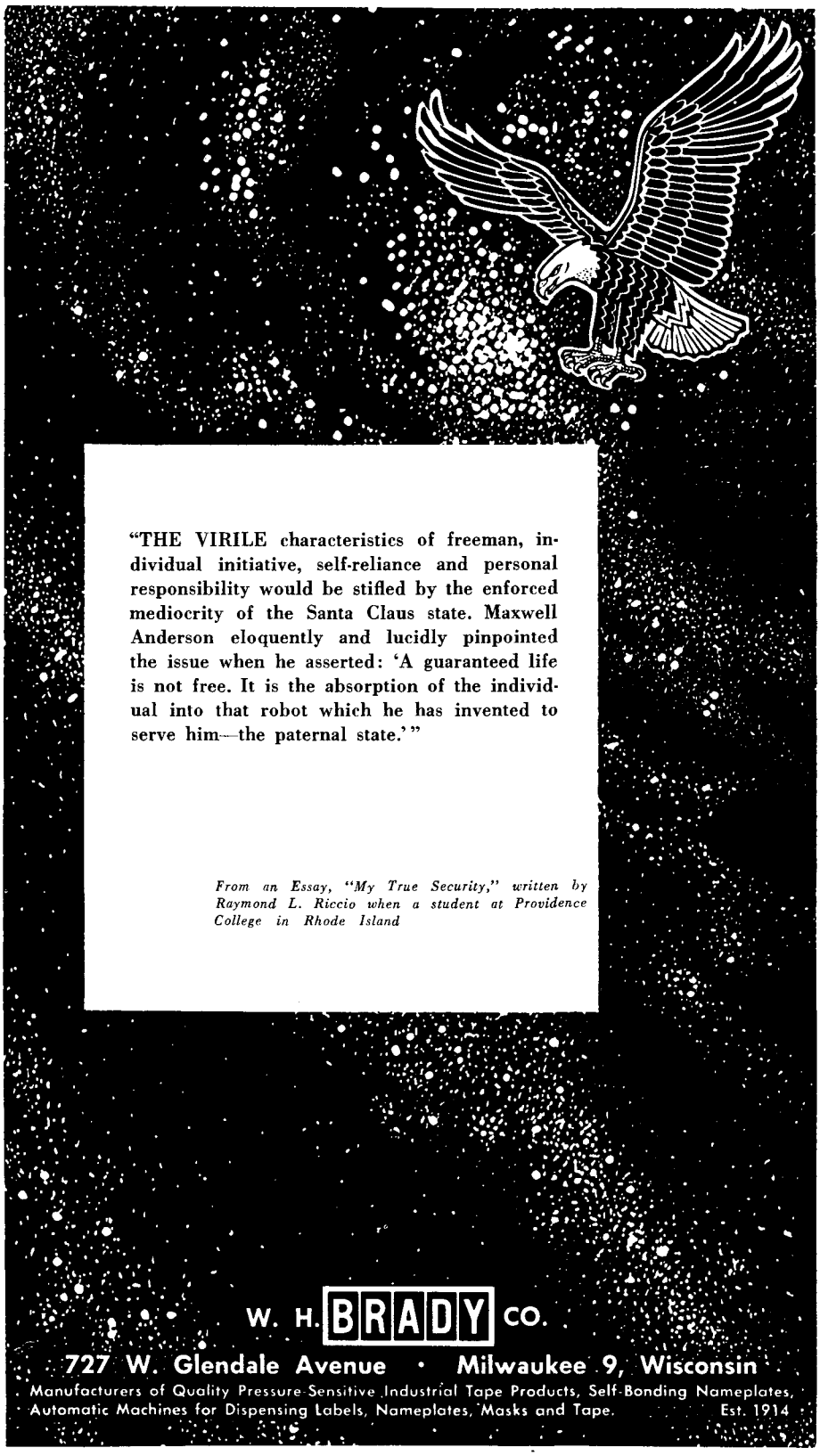
With religious institutions partially tax-supported by reason of their tax exemption, a liberal Court (and calling the Court liberal is a serious understatement) could close every church in our land.

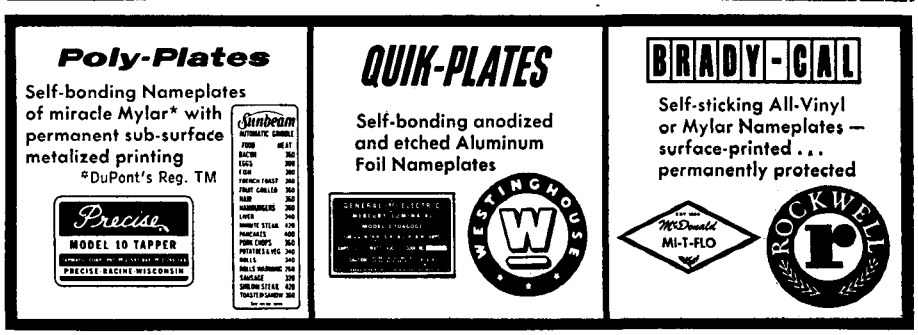
Let's get this thing done quickly and permanently through legislation as provided in the Constitution itself before irreparable harm is accomplished. . . .

Arlington, Va. CHARLES W. CARTER

Since you say that Justice Douglas "summed up the accepted tradition" in his famous *Zorach* paragraph ("We are a religious people . . ."), it seems only fair to provide your readers with the full quote. One of the key sentences so scrupulously omitted from NATIONAL REVIEW's Expurgated Version of the Accepted Tradition appears near the beginning of the paragraph, and is the sentence that speaks most directly to the issue you purported to discuss: "Government may not . . . undertake religious instruction nor blend secular and sectarian education nor use secular institutions to force one or some religion on any person. . . ."

I realize, of course, that your selection of those sentences that suit your own opinion is entirely con-


"THE VIRILE characteristics of freeman, individual initiative, self-reliance and personal responsibility would be stifled by the enforced mediocrity of the Santa Claus state. Maxwell Anderson eloquently and lucidly pinpointed the issue when he asserted: 'A guaranteed life is not free. It is the absorption of the individual into that robot which he has invented to serve him—the paternal state.'"
From an Essay, "My True Security," written by Raymond L. Riccio when a student at Providence College in Rhode Island
W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue • Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape.
Est. 1914



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nobody Can "Tamper Away" the Motor Protection Provided by this Series K Starter

Any motor starter worth "mounting" should reliably *protect* electric motors against overloads as well as switch them on and off. Also, such protection must *remain* reliable for tomorrow, next week, next year, and for the years to come—despite the atmospheric conditions to which the overload relays are subjected. To Allen-Bradley, this means *full protection*—even against tampering, careless handling, and repeated overloading.

This was Allen-Bradley's goal in the design of its new overload relay. Unlike some other overload relays, it cannot be misused. Only continuous excessive current will cause it to disconnect the motor, whereupon it cannot be reset until the motor has cooled to a safe temperature.

Such "quality" protection is incorporated in this tiny, inexpensive Bulletin 709 Size 00 starter. It is this same "quality" throughout which you obtain when you specify any rating of Allen-Bradley Series K starters, reversing switches, contactors, etc. It's truly a "quality line" of motor control. Get full details. Please write to: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

Quality Motor Control

sistent with your delightfully eclectic attitude toward dogma. Or were you simply trying to rise to your newly found criterion of truth (as stated in the same editorial: whether one can successfully explain it to a group of school children) by eliminating all information that might embarrass your conclusions?

Washington, D.C. MONROE H. FREEDMAN

There's a difference between Congress and a local school board.—ED.

Hammurabi v. Hippocrates

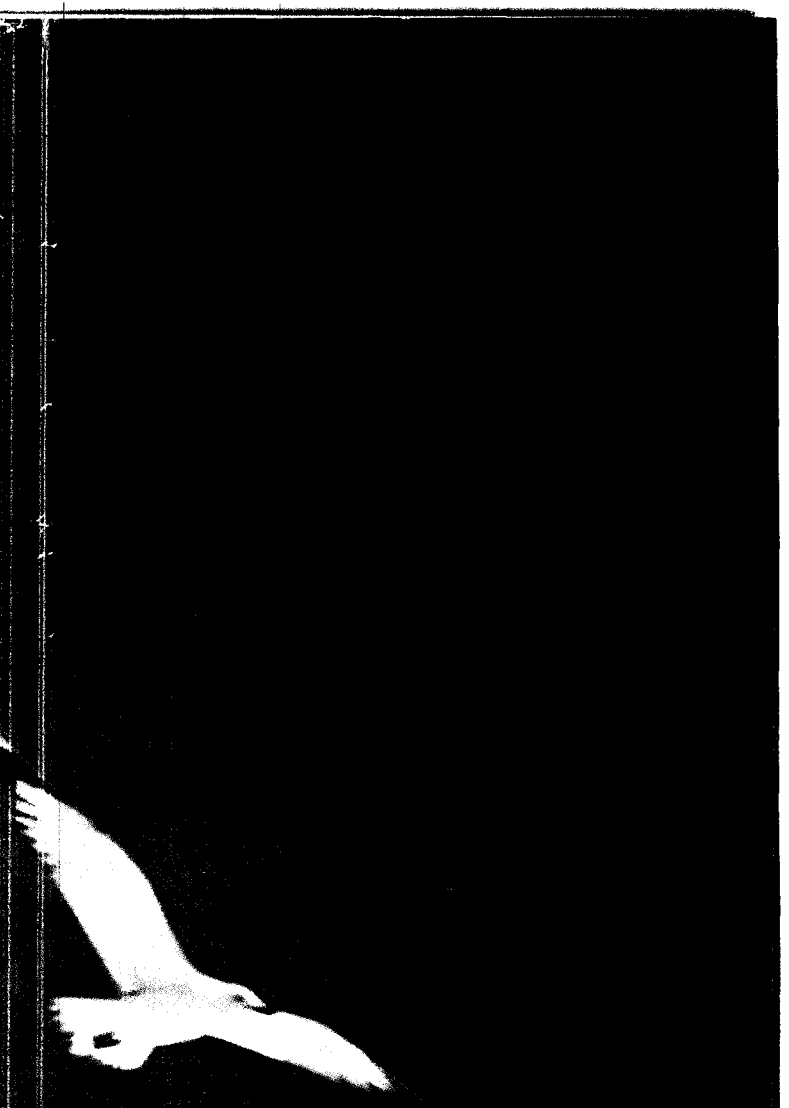
At this moment it is said that "Medicare" is dead. It seems to me that it is too good, as an issue, to be allowed thus to expire. Of course, it never has been alive, although a good deal of simulated animation has been piped into it. The danger has not been Medicare and the danger still remains: that we will relax, pleased and happy, as soon as the Committee votes to report unfavorably. Then, as it has before, another log jam, under another name, will come along and one of the twigs will knock us out.

For the record, then, what system would they have used had Medicare been approved? Would it have been that one, or rather those many, already sickened by crop surpluses and insatiable feeders at the public trough? Would it have been like another series of trips from summit to failure to shame in foreign policy? Would it have been paired with that authentic relief program, the government's own, called the Post Office Department? Would medical care have been managed as the judiciary, or bloated with synthetic wealth like the American currency? Might it have been decorated with the practices already used these many years in labor-management disputes?

It seems a shame, in a way. Perhaps we should have another go at them now, to see who knows his history best. We choose Aristotle, Plato and Hippocrates, all of them knowledgeable in the nature of medical care as it is in our time, in spite of our more impressive tools. We will allow our masters to choose from such as Hammurabi, the Gracchi, and/or Diocletian. Let's don't allow the scoundrels to escape, to regroup and return with more warmed-over rhetoric.

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



135 WORDS ABOUT FREEDOM

The greatest threats to our freedoms are from forces outside our borders. But there's also a dangerous force within. Subtle. Persistent. Almost unperceived. It's this nation's steady advance toward more federal-government-in-business . . . and the accompanying effect on our individual affairs.

There are many examples, but take the electric light and power business as a case in point. In 1935, the federal government produced less than one per cent of the electric industry's total output. Today, this figure has climbed to 15 per cent. And there is constant pressure from advocates of government-in-business for more.

When government owns business in this manner—when it controls economic power as well as political power—it becomes virtually impossible for the individual to defend his basic freedoms.

Is this a risk you want to take?

INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES . . . *serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

Both Carry the Stamp of Perfection

Select Old Grand-Dad bottled in bond or light, mellow 86 proof—for either is certain to win your stamp of approval. Among younger people who prefer great bourbon as well as those who have long appreciated the finest, Old Grand-Dad is acknowledged "Head of the Bourbon Family." Tonight, at home or tavern, enjoy the unparalleled flavor of Old Grand-Dad.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. • DISTR. BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED